THE TATLER

June Commencement Issue

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The Tatler

West High School

Des Moines, Iowa

1922

To our beloved Registrar, Miss Grace Stivers, who has been our inspiration and guide in our school work for the past four years; whose watchful eye has directed our steps and preserved us from many pitfalls, thus enabling us to be transformed from novices, timidly knocking at the doors of West High, to Seniors confident and ready to knock at the portal of the world; with all sincerity the Tatler Staff of 1922 dedicates this, its June Commencement Number.

MISS GRACE STIVERS

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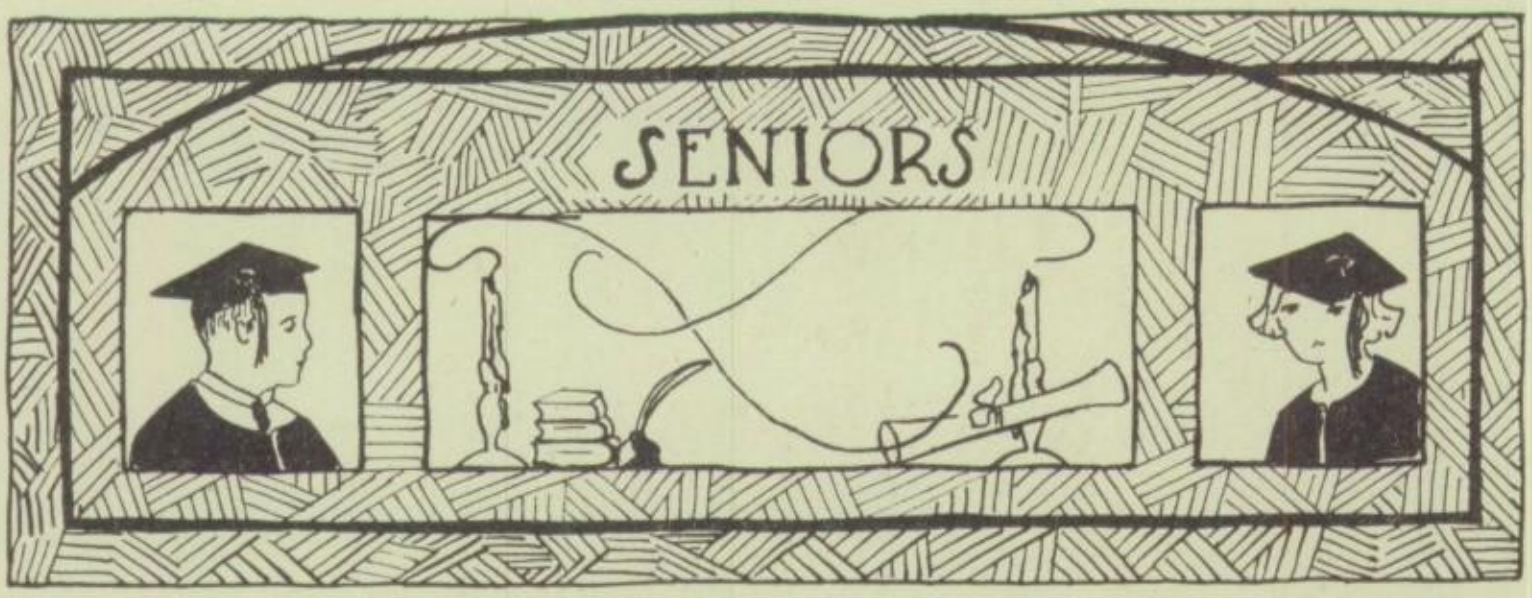

SENIORS

1922

ROBERT THOMAS
PRESIDENT

JEAN BRATTALI
VICE PRESIDENT

ELEANOR GOODRICH
SECRETARY

ALFORD SCOTT
TREASURER

DOROTHY STORLEY
ADVISER

RAYMOND BOYD
ADVISER

MRS BROOKS
ADVISER

MISS BLESON
CLASS MOTHER

MR SPRAGUE
CLASS FATHER

"Point of order, Mr. President."—Brooks.

Officers

ROBERT THOMAS
Community Players '20, '21, '22
Orchestra '20, '21, '22
Band '20, '21
Fort Dodge High School '19, '20
"My love's like a red, red rose."

JEAN BRAMHALL
Junior Chamber '21, '22; Vice-Pres. '21, Sec'y '22
Hi YW. '21; Vice-Pres. '22
Student Council '21, '22
Community Players '21, '22; Sec'y-Treasurer '21, '22
Lesbian '20, '21
Kyle Klub '21, '22; Sec'y '21, '22
Girls Debating '21, '22; Treasurer '22
Honoraria Service '21
"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare
"And beauty draws up with a single hair."

ELEANOR GOODRICH
Junior Chamber '21
Student Council '22
Lesbian '21, '22
Kyle Klub '21, '22
Tatler '22
Girls Debating '20, '21, '22; Pres. '21
Federation Board '20, '21, '22
Four Minute Medal '19
"Knowledge, kindness round her shine; So clearly; her disposition is divine."

ALFORD HERBERT SCOTT
Hi Y. '21, '22; Sec'y '21; Pres. '22
Community Players '21, '22; Marshall '21; Vice-Pres. '22
Boys Debating, Pres. '21, '22
Football '21
Forum '21
Zanesville High, Ohio, '19, '20
"Well roared, Lion."

DOROTHY EDNA STOKLEY
Junior Chamber '21
Glee Club '19, '20
Kylonian '19, '20, '21; Pres. '22
Tatler '21, '22
Girls Debating '21
Federation Board '22
'I count myself in nothing else so happy As in a soul remembering my good friends."

RAYMOND BOYD
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Hi Y. '21
Student Council '21
Tatler '20
House of Representatives '20
"For he loveth many a fair maiden."

Senior Committees

Social: Harold Teachout (Ch.), Dale Coffman, Martha Richardson, Helen Crouch, Wayne Summey, Marjorie Moore, Norman Moon, Miss Hutchinson (Adv.).

Class Play: Douglas Smith(Ch.), William Wiseman (Bus. Mgr.), Dorothy Hall, Reed Kauffman, Ora Goodell, Mrs. Mattison (Adv.).

Baccalaureate: Fred Olmsted (Ch.), Agnes Krarup, Merlin Carter, Carolyn Davis, Adele Swartz, Mr. Nesbitt (Adv.).

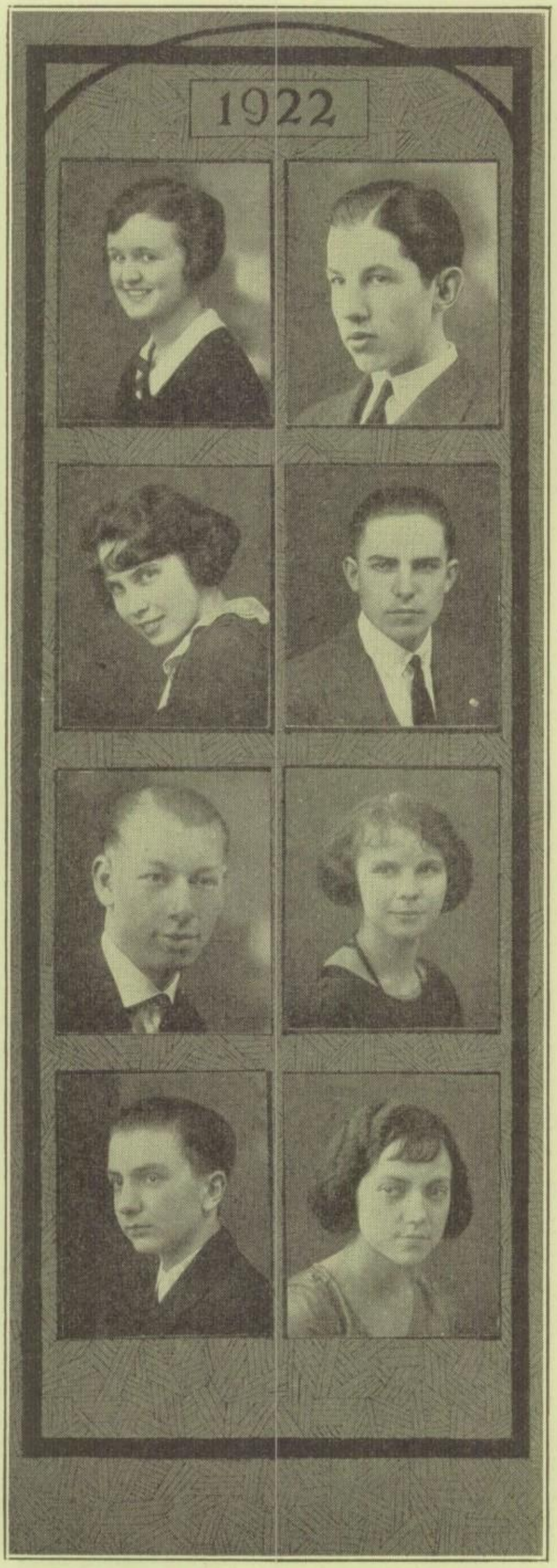
Pin Committee: Addison Wilson (Ch.), Madeline Craig, Roger Budlong, Mr. Goodell (Adv.).

Banquet: Betty Potwin (Ch.), William Strief, Edith Adams, Richard Thompson, Josephine Fairly, Junior Schee, Audrey Barber, Miss Weaver (Adv.).

Class Day: Simon Neiman (Ch.), Jean MacKinnon, Hope Wentworth, Irene Keefner, Mrs. Risser (Adv.).

Memorial: Florence Tomlinson (Ch.), Ralph Harley, Dorothy Deyoe, Josephine Gutfreund, Mortimer McCoy, Mr. Robeson (Adv.).

Music: Silas Biggs (Ch.), Miriam Kirbye, Harold Morgan, Mr. Jones (Adv.).



"Big as life, and twice as natural."
—McGregor.

EDITH ADAMS

Student Council '21
Community Players '21, '22
Glee Club '21, '22
Choral Club '21, '22
Techne '19, '20
Kylonian '20, '21
Girls Debating '20, '21
Senior Play

"Here's to the girl that's good,
But not too good, as the good die young."

LYMAN AKES

Kyle Klub '22
Albia High School '19, '20

"In manners gentle,
In affection mild."

LUCILLE ALLISON

Hi YW. '21, '22
Orchestra '18, '19, '20
Kylonian '21, '22

"Oh, the light that lies in a woman's eyes and lies and lies."

HAROLD ANDERSON

Junior Chamber '19, '20
Tatler '21, '22
Basketball '22
Track '22
Central High, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Man delights me, no, 'tis woman."

THOMAS PRESTON ATHERTON, JR.

Churdan High School

"He studies sometimes, for a change."

AUDREY BARBER

Student Council '20, '21, '22
Kyle Klub '22
Honoraria '21 Service

"She knows a lot, but strange to say,
Isn't ruined by the fact."

WALLACE BARLOW

Student Council '20, '21, '22
Orchestra '18, '19, '20, '21
Band '20, '21, '22
Kyle Klub '21, '22

"He thinks too much,
Such men are dangerous."

PHYLLIS BARR

Hi YW. '21
W. G. A. A. '21

"Zealous, yet modest;
Innocent, yet free."

"See how that works out."—McCall.

FREDERICK A. BAUSERMAN
Junior Chamber '21
Hi Y. '21, '22
"I pray thee not to fall in love with me."

HENRY BETTS
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Hi Y. '20
Glee Club '20
Choral Club '20
Track '22
"Never do today what you can do tomorrow."

SILAS BIGGS
Student Council '18, '19, '20
Orchestra '19
Tatler '18, '19, '22
Senior Play
"A smiler is a beguiler."

WILMA BISHOP
Choral Club '22
Remington Medal '22
"Tell me more—are women true?"

ARTHUR BOWLSBY
Band '22
"I dare not be flirted with, no, not I."

JOHN O. BOYD
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Oskaloosa High School
"Modesty becomes a young man."

MAE ESTHER BRINTON
Hi YW. '22
Hypatian '22
Ellsworth High School
"Success is nothing but work."

ALLAN BROOKS
"Come one, come all!"
"This rock shall fly from it's base as soon as I."

"No whispering, girls."—Weaver.

GLADYS BROWN
Hi YW. '20, '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '21, '22
"I don't say much;
I guess I must be shy."

RAYMOND BROWN
Junior Chamber '21, '22
Hi Y. '21, '22
Tatler '21, '22
Basketball '21
"Happy I am, from care I am free."

MARIAN BUCKROYD
Hi YW. '21, '22
Lesbian '21, '22
North High '19, '20, '21
"Modest and quiet, but useful."

ROGER BUDLONG
Junior Chamber '20, '21, '22
Hi Y. '20, '21, '22
Tatler '21
Boys Debating '20, '21, '22
Basketball '20, '21, '22
Track '22
Scholte Nollen High
"I want what I want when I want it."

MAXINE IRETTA BULLINGTON
Hi YW. '21, '22
Remington Medal '22
"She does things without much noise."

LAURA CALHOUN
Junior Chamber '21
Hi YW. '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '22
"So sweet a blush of bashfulness,
E'en pity scarce could make it less."

MARION CALHOUN
"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more."

LOUISE CANNING
Junior Chamber '20 '21
Hi YW. '21, '22
Hypatian '21 '22
W. G. A .A. '19
"I never use any man's money but my own."

"I'm the teacher here."—Herbert.

MARIAN CARLEY
Kylonian '22
Tennis Club '21
"Let your own discretion be your tutor."

KATHRYN CARREL
Glee Club '22
Woodward High
"Learning by study must be won."

MERLIN I. CARTER
Junior Chamber '19, '20, '21
Hi Y, '20, '21, '22
Student Council '22
Community Players '22
Glee Club '20, '21, '22
Choral Club, '20, '21, '22
Golf Club '21, '22
Tatler '22
Boys Debating '22
Basketball '21
Swimming Team '21, '22
"Napoleon was great, so am I."

VINCENZO CHYDO
"A good word, and a smile for everyone."

ALFRED CLARK
Junior Chamber '19
Hi Y. '20, '21, '22
Tatler '21, '22
Basketball '20, '21, '22
Track '21, '22
Tennis Club '20, '21
"Behold! a scholar."

PHILIP HENRY CLESS
Hi Y. '19, '20, '21
Track '22
Tennis Club '21
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

MILDRED CLINITE
"Woman's tongue keeps no Sunday."

EDNA CLOUSE
Hi YW. '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '22
"Little! but oh my!"

"Are you registering?"—Robeson.

DALE COFFMAN
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Hi Y. '21, '22
Student Council '19, '20, '21
Kyle Klub Sec'y '21, '22
Tatler '19, '20
House of Representatives '20
"Helen, I love thee,
By my life I do!"

DOROTHY WRIGHT
Lesbian '21, '22
"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."

ELEANOR COOPER
Hi YW. '21
"She has a natural wise sincerity."

HELEN COOPER
Hi YW. '21
Tatler '21, '22
"I'm nothing if not conscientious."

FRANCIS COTTER
"And when a lady's in the case
You know all others give place."

CHARLES COWNIE
Hi Y. Treas. '21
Student Council, Sec'y '21 and '22
Community Players, Pres. '21 and '22
Boys Debating, Sec'y '21; Vice-Pres. '22
Basketball '22
Forum '20
"If a woman be there, there is happiness too."

MADELIN CRAIG
Lesbian '22
Taunton High, Massachusetts
"To know her is to love her."

STUART CRAIL
Student Council '20, '21
Kyle Klub '22
Track '21, '22
East High '17
"The glory of a firm, capacious mind."

"Fore!"—Sprague.

OWEN CRIST

Basketball '20
Track '20
Oskaloosa '18

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown."

HELEN CROUCH

Junior Chamber '21, '22; Vice-Pres. '22
W. G. A. A. '19, '20, '21; Pres. '21; Sec'y & Treas. '19
Student Council '21, '22
Community Players Sec'y and Treas. '20, '21; Vice-Pres. '22
Lesbian '20, '21, '22
Girls Debating '22
Honoraria—Athletics '19
Federation Board '21, '22
Tennis Club '22

"The lustre in your eye
Heaven in your cheek
Pleads your fair usage."

FAYE DANIELS

Junior Chamber '21
Hypatian '22
Galt, Mo. '16, '17; Trenton, Mo. '17, '18

"In simple manners all the secret lies."

CAROLYN DAVIS

Hi YW. '21, '22

"Quiet, quizzical and quick."

GENE DEBORD

Central High, Omaha '18, '19, '20

"Never bold of spirit, of easy manner, naturally good."

DOROTHY DEYOE

Hi YW. '20, '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '19, '20
Community Players '20, '21, '22
Kylonian '21, '22
Hypatian '20; Pres. '21, '22
Federation Board '21, '22; Vice-Pres. '22
Four Minute Medal '19

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

ISABELLE A. DIEHL

Hi YW. '18, '19, '20, '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '18, '19; Vice-Pres. '20, '21, '22
Community Players '21
Glee Club '18
Blasco Ibanez '20

"I hold my own opinions."

EDRED DON CARLOS

Football '21
Track '21, '22
W. D. M. '21
Colo. Springs High School '19

"My heart is in that coffin there with Caesar;
I must pause till it come back to me."

"Now, granted—but—."
—Brotherton.

JOHN EICHINGER
Junior Chamber '20, '21, '22
Hi Y. '20, '21, '22
Orchestra '21, '22
Band '20, '21, '22
Boys Debating '22
Track '22
"Something between a hindrance and a help."

ROBERT FATHERSON
Junior Chamber '19, '20, '21
"Much wisdom often grew with the fewest words."

JOSEPHINE FAIRLY
Glee Club '21, '22
Choral Club '21, '22
Kylonian '20, '21, '22; Sec'y '22
Girls Debating '20, '21
Federation Board '21
Senior Play
"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

CLARENCE FLAHERTY
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Football '19, '20, '21
Track '19, '21
W. D. M. '21
Blasco Ibanez '20, '21
"Virtuous and vicious every man must be."

MARGARET IRENE FRENCH
Hi YW. '20, '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '22
Glee Club '21, '22
Choral Club '21
Kylonian '21, '22
Hypatian '21, '22
Federation Board '22
"All sweet things come in small packages."

LESTER GATES
Junior Chamber '19, '20, '21
Hi Y. '20
Blasco Ibanez '21
"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."

DOROTHY GIVENS
Junior Chamber '21, '22
Lesbian '20, '21, '22
Kyle Klub '21, '22
Girls Debating '21, '22; Sec'y '21; Pres. '22
Federation Board '22; Sec'y '22
"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

ORA GOODELL
Junior Chamber '21, '22
Hi YW. '20, '21, '22; Pres. '22
Lesbian '20, '21, '22
Federation Board '22
Iowa City High School '18
"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

"N' est-ce pas?"—Duncan.

RICHARD STEVENS GRIFFITH
Band '21, '22
Orchestra '21, '22
Track '20, '21, '22
J. C. C. '19, '20, '21
"It is good to be merry and wise."

JOSEPHINE GUTFREUND
Junior Chamber '20
Community Players '21, '22
Kylonian '20, '21
Kyle Klub '22
Tatler '22
Underwood Medal '22
"Direct in speech, and cunning with a pen."

DOROTHY MARGARET HALL
Junior Chamber '20, '21, '22
Hi YW. '20
Community Players '20, '21, '22
Lesbian '21, '22
"She never told her love."

RALPH HARLEY
Junior Chamber '19, '20, '21, '22
Hi Y. '20, '21, '22
Orchestra '19, '20, '21, '22
Golf Club '20
Band '19, '20, '21, '22
Tatler '21, '22
Basketball '21, '22
Track '21
Cercle des Amis '20, '21
Grimes '19
"With graceful steps he strides the street
And smiles at all the ladies sweet."

MEREDETH HEENAN
Choral Club '19
"The power of beauty I remember yet."

LAVERNE HERRING
Tatler '21, '22
Cercle des Amis '21
Senior Play
"'Tis he! I ken the manner of his gait."

RANDOLPH HEWITT
Junior Chamber '18, '19, '20, '21; Vice-Pres. '21
Hi Y. '19, '20, '21, '22
Community Players '19, '20, '21, '22
Kyle Klub '21, '22
Boys Debating '19, '20; Sec'y '21; Vice-Pres. '21, '22
Honoraria—Scholarship '21
"He was in logic a great critic."

VERA HOAR
Junior Chamber '21
Glee Club '22
Choral Club '22
Blasco Ibanez '21
Kent High School
Underwood Medal '22
"Sweeter than a stolen kiss."

"Why, bless your heart, child."
—Meier.

VIVIAN HOOD
Junior Chamber '20
Hi YW. '19, '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '18, '19, '21, '22
"Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind."

GLADYS IRENE HOUK
Hi YW. '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '20, '21, '22
"Think first and speak afterwards."

MARIE HUFFORD
Junior Chamber '21
Hi YW. '21, '22
"Patient endurance attaineth all things."

LYLA HULBURT
Glee Club '21, '22
Choral Club '21, '22
Lone Rock High School
"Contentment is the wisdom of the wise."

DARLENE HULGAN
Junior Chamber '21
Hi YW. '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '19
Knoxville High
"The soul of conversation is sympathy."

EMMA CORNELIA HUYCK
W. G. A. A. '19, '20
Glee Club '19
Techne' 21; Sec'y-Treas. '22
Hypatian '22
North High '18
"Still waters run deep."

R. FRANK JANDA
Hi Y. '19
"Doth call himself affections sentinal."

ISABEL JANSEN
Junior Chamber '20, '21
Hi YW. '21, '22
Choral Club '19
Kylonian '21, '22
"With shining hair and winning smile
To be her friend is worth one's while."

"Now let's all get together on this."
—Steeper.

KATHRYNE MARION JAYNE
Junior Chamber '21
Glee Club '20, '21
Choral Club '20, '21
Kylonian '22
Tatler '21, '22
Monmouth High '19, '20
"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

VIRGIL JEFFERSON
Junior Chamber '19, '20
"The world knowest little of its great men."

BEATRICE ANN JOHNSON
"When joy and duty clash
Let duty go to smash."

HARRIETT JONES
Tatler '21, '22
Washington, D. C. High '19, '20
"They laugh that win."

MARY M. JONES
Hi YW. '22
W. G. A. A. '22
Glee Club '22
Choral Club '22
Orchestra '22
Hypatian Treas. '22
Trenton High, Northeast High, Kansas City, Mo.
"Then music, with her silver sounds
With speedy help doth men redress."

REED KAUFFMAN
Student Council '20, '21
Golf Club '20, '21, '22
Tatler '21, '22
"With every change his features play
As aspins show the light and shade."

IRENE KEEFNER
Junior Chamber '20
Kylonian '21, '22; Vice-Pres. '22
Tatler '21, '22
Girls Debating '21, '22
Federation Board '21
"Give every man thy ear, and few thy voice."

ROBERT KILLEBREW
Hi Y. '20
Football '20
Basketball '20
Track '21, '22
Swimming Team '20, '21, '22
Blasco Ibanez '20, '21
Denison, Texas
"Tact and talent make a strong team."

"The traditions of West High twenty years ago."—Weeks.

FRANCES KIMBLE
Junior Chamber '20, '21
Lesbian '22
Hypatian '21, '22
"Blessed with plain reason and sober sense."

MIRIAM KIRBYE
Student Council '22
Kylonian '20, '21, '22
"Just being, that's all
Such as she, need do."

WILHELMINA KOLLING
Kylonian '22
Remington Medal '21
"Not only good, but good for something."

ELLEN LORRAINE KOONS
Hi YW. '20, '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '19, '20
"She looks so meek and is not meek at all."

AGNES MARIE KRARUP
Junior Chamber '21, '22
Kylonian '21, '22
Hypatian '21
Kyle Klub '22
Girls Debating '21, '22
Superior High '19, '20
"Knowledge is power."

MARION HILL LAKIN
Junior Chamber '21, '22
Kyle Klub '22
Hi Y. '21, '22
Tatler '21, '22
Track '22
Guthrie Center High '18, '19, '20
"I am the very pink of courtesy."

OLEVO LEONARD
"Be content, the sea hath fish enough."

CLARE LOCKHART
Junior Chamber '21, '22
Hi YW. '22
Kylonian '22
Girls Debating '22
Hunter, North Dakota '18
"Say unto wisdom, 'thou art my sister.'"

"I mean just what I say."
—Hutchinson.

MADELINE LOEB
Hi YW. '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '19, '20
"On thy face a map of honor, truth and loyalty."

ELLWYN LONGSHORE
Senior Play '22
Blasco Ibanez '21
"O, wit and art, what power you have when combined."

GORDON WILFRED LOVEGROVE
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Hi Y. '22
Student Council '22
Community Players '22
Glee Club '22
Choral Club '22
Basketball '20, '21, '22
"Beauty draws more than oxen."

HAZEL LUCAS
Kylonian '22
"Life is one grand sweet song."

LUCILLE LUCAS
Marion Twp. H. S. '19, '20, '21
"Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend and foe."

LORRAINE MCANDREWS
Hi YW. '22
Choral Club '21
Lesbian '21, '22
"A light heart lives long."

ROBERT MASON MCCARTNEY
Junior Chamber '19, '20, '21
Hi Y. '21, '22
"Bashfulness is but the passage of one season to another."

MORTIMER J. MCCOY
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Hi Y. '20, '21, '22
Golf Club '20
Boys Debating '21, '22
Football '19, '20, '21
Basketball '19, '20, '21, '22
Track '20, '21, '22
Forum '20
"Mighty hearts are held in slender chains."

"Copy twenty times."—Louberge.

KATHRYN JEAN MAC KINNON
Junior Chamber '20, '21
W. G. A. A. '18, '19, '20
Lesbian '19, '20, '21, '22
Kyle Klub '21, '22
Tatler '21, '22
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in a woman."

GEORGIE MARIE MANGER
Hi YW. '21, '22
Hypatian '22
"A penny for your thoughts."

MILDRED MARTENS
Norwalk High '19, '20
"She has a little personality all her own."

PARKER MELTZER
Junior Chamber '21
Hi Y. '20, '21
Track '21
Blasco Ibanez '20, '21
Senior Play
Greeley, Colo.; Ames High
"Those dark eyes, so dark and so deep."

MERLE MENDENHALL
Glee Club '18, '19, '20
Orchestra '19, '20
Tennis Club '20
Lacona High
"Virtue alone, is happiness below."

JEANETTE MEREDITH
Choral Club '19, '21
"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver of my whole course of love."

GERTRUDE MILLER
Hi YW. '21, '22
"Silence is golden."

HELEN J. MILLER
Junior Chamber '21
Hi YW. '21, '22
Hypatian '22
Tatler '22
"An e'en her failings leaned to virtue's side."

"I'll see you after class."—Ogden.

NORMAN MOON
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Hi Y. '19, '20
Glee Club '19, '20, '21, '22
Choral Club '22
Football '20
Basketball '19, '20, '21, '22
Swimming Team '21, '22
Blasco Ibanez '21
Senior Play
"I often tell myself that there is more in me than people think."

MARJORIE MOORE
Junior Chamber '20
W. G. A. A. '19, '20
Kylonian '20, '21, '22
Tatler '21
"O, heaven, were a man but constant he were perfect."

HAROLD MORGAN
Orchestra '19, '20, '21, '22
Band '20, '21, '22
Honoraria Music '22
Oskaloosa High
"Music is the tone universal speech of mankind."

MICHAEL MORRISY
Senior Play
"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the world."

ALICE NEFF
Hi YW. '22
Senior Play
Centerville
"The king himself would follow her if she would go before."

SIMON NEIMAN
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Hi Y. '20
Tatler '21, '22; Ass't Editor '22
Blasco Ibanez '20, '21
"His pencil was striking, resistless and grand."

LINNIA NELSON
Hi YW. '22
Girls' High, Boston, Mass. '18, '19
"Her faults lie gently on her."

WILLIAM NEWBY
Junior Chamber '19, '20, '21, '22
"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

"Let's have it quiet, please."

—Fegtly.

EVA NORTHRUP

Glee Club '19, '20, '21, '22
Choral Club '19, '20, '21, '22
Lesbian '22

"If music be the food of love, play on."

FRED OLMSTED

Junior Chamber '18, '19, '20; Vice-Pres. '21; Pres. '21, '22
Hi Y. '20, '21, '22
Student Council '21, '22
Community Players '21, '22
Kyle Klub '21; Treas. '22
Tatler, '20, '21, '22
Boys Debating '20, '21, '22
Basketball '22

"Thy fair hair my heart enchanted."

NEIL PAGE

"The best of men have ever loved repose."

DOROTHY PARK

Hi YW. '20, '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '18, '19, '20, '21
Kylonian '21, '22; Treas. '22
Hypatian '21, '22; Sec'y '22
Kyle Klub '21, '22
Tatler '21, '22

"If thou loveth learning, thou shalt be learned."

ADELYNN D. PARSONS

Community Players '22
Kylonian '22
Kyle Klub '21, '22
Blasco Ibanez '21

"They that govern most make least noise."

MABEL PHILLIPS

W. G. A. A. '18
Community Players '21
Hypatian '21
Starrett School, Chicago, Ill.

"The stage I chose—a subject fair and free."

MARJORIE PORTER

Hi YW. '21
Techne '20, '21, '22
Lesbian '22
Hypatian '21, '22
Atlantic High '19, '20; Davenport High '19

"Eternal sunshine settles on her head."

MABEL POTTER

Hi YW. '20
W. G. A. A. '19, '20
Community Players '22
Lesbian '20, '21, '22

"Witty, courteous, full of spirit."

"Unity and coherence."—Jacobs.

ELIZABETH TWINING POTWIN
Junior Chamber '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '20, '21; Sec'y-Treas. '21
Community Players '21, '22
Student Council '22
Glee Club '20, '21
Choral Club '20, '21
Kylonian '21, '22
Tennis Club '22
Skating Cup '20
"He loves me well and I have given him reason."

LULU PRUNTY
"So womanly, so benign, so meek."

CAROLYN REILEY
Hi YW. '19, '20, '21, '22
Community Players '21, '22
Glee Club '21, '22
Choral Club '20, '21, '22
Orchestra '20, '21, '22
Techne '19, '20, '21, '22
"We grant, altho she had much wit
She was very shy of using it."

KATHLEEN REILEY
Hi YW. '20
Blasco Ibanez
"She is true to her word, her work, and her friends."

MARK CLARBORNE RENO
Tatler '22
Warren High, Burlington, Iowa '18
Scholte-Nollen '19
"Men are not measured by inches."

MARTHA RICHARDSON
North High School
"Beauty needs no letter of introduction."

FORREST RIDDELL
Junior Chamber '20
Hi Y. '20, '21
Golf Club '21, '22
Basketball '21, '22
Moravia High '18, '19
"Who reasons wisely is not always wise."

EVA ROHLF
Junior Chamber '21
Lesbian '22
Choral Club '22
Glee Club '22
"Her lips are roses, overwashed with dew."

"Hey, you fellows, come down here."
—Nesbitt.

FREDERICK RUTHERFORD
St. Johns
"Some are seen and not heard,
Some are heard and not seen,
But he is seldom seen or heard."

JOE RYAN
Colfax High
"Oh, Happy State! When souls each other draw."

FELIX J. S. SAGERT
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Orchestra '20, '22
Band '20, '21
"I love a lassie, a bonnie bonnie lassie."

ROBERT SALLENBECK
"Every inch that is not fool, is rogue."

LOIS IRENE SAYLER
Junior Chamber '21
Hi YW. '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '18, '19
Kyle Klub '21, '22
"Content thyself to be obscurely good."

SARAH ELIZABETH SCHUYLER
"Steady work turns genius to a loom."

ADELE L. SCHWARZ
Junior Chamber '21
Hi YW. '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '19, '20
Community Players '21, '22
Lesbian '20, '21, '22
"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

RUSSELL SEVERSON
Junior Chamber '20, '21
Hi Y. '19, '20, '21, '22
Student Council '20, '21
Boys Debating '21, '22
Football '20, '21
Basketball '21, '22
Track '21, '22
Forum '20
Blasco Ibanez '20, '21
"And thus he bore without abuse
The Grand Old Name of Gentleman."

"All right, girls, in line, please."
—Percival.

KATHERINE SHANTZ
Junior Chamber '20, '21
Hi YW. '21, '22
Community Players '20, '21
Glee Club '21, '22
Choral Club '21
"From our own selves our joys must flow."

JUNIOR SCHEE
Glee Club '22
Track '19, '20, '21, '22
Basketball '20, '21, '22
Hi Y. '20, '21
Junior Chamber '20
Spanish Club '21
Choral Club
"With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

PERRY SILVERMAN
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Blasco Ibanez '21
East High '19
"Let every man enjoy his whim,
What's he to me or I to him."

MARY FRANCES SLOAN
Techne '22
Tatler '22
Soldan High, St. Louis, Mo.
"Oh, Romeo! Oh, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

ROBERT DOUGLAS SMITH
Student Council '21, '22
Hi Y. '20, '21
Debating Club '20, '21
Band '21
Orchestra '21
Senior Play
Honoraria Service '22
"While words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics, ranged around."

HAZEL SMITH
Junior Chamber '21
"She manned herself with dauntless air;
There's one modest, kind, fair."

MARJORIE SPRING
Hi YW. '19, '21, '22
Kylonian '21, '22
Girls Debating '21, '22; Vice-Pres. '22
"Come, gentle Spring; Ethereal mildness, come."

MARGERY E. SPRY
"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee."

"Close the cupboard door."—Dahm.

HAROLD M. STANLEY.
Orchestra '22
Blasco Ibanez '20, '21
"But still his tongue ran on."

HERBERT H. STERNBERG
Hi Y. '22
Track '22
Sherburne High '18, '19, '20
"Basketball he loves to play,
He'll win his mark in the world some day."

MARGARET GRACE STONE
Hi YW. '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '19, '20
Kyle Klub '21, '22
"Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

WILLIAM B. STRIEF
Junior Chamber '19, '20
Hi Y. '19, '20
Basketball '20, '22
Track '19, '20, '21, '22
Forum '19, '20
"Your hero should be tall you know."

GRETA COLENE SUFFEL
Junior Chamber '21, '22
Hi YW. '22
Kyle Klub '21, '22
"Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
No simplest duty is forgot."

WAYNE SUMMEY
Glee Club '22
Golf Club '21, '22
Basketball '20
Swimming Team '20
Cercle des Amis '20, '21, '22
"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."

JOHN SUTTON
Junior Chamber '18
"All our knowledge is, ourselves to know."

FERN L. TALLEY
Hi YW. '21, '22
"Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks."

"That reminds me of a story."
—Harris.

HAROLD EUGENE TEACHOUT
Junior Chamber '19, '20, '21
Hi Y. '20, '21
Student Council '21
Golf Club '20, '21
Tatler '22
Honoraria Management '21
Cercle des Amis '19, '20; Vice-Pres. '21; Pres. '22
Blasco Ibanez '21
East High School '19
"He will never follow anything that other men begin."

FERN PAULINE THOMAS
Colfax High '18, '19
"Beware of saying, I can't."

DOROTHY OCTAVIA THOMPSON
Hi YW. '21, '22
Techne '22
Lesbian '21, '22
Kyle Klub '22
"With curious art the brain too finely wrought."

RICHARD STEPHEN THOMPSON
Hi Y. Vice-Pres. '21, '22
Student Council Pres. '22; Vice-Pres. '22
Community Players Marshall '22
Boys Debating '21, '22 Sec'y and Treas.
Basketball
Forum '20, '21, '22
"My only books were woman's looks and folly's all they've taught me."

HAZEL TINGLEY
W. G. A. A. '19, '20
Junior Chamber '21
Hi YW. '22
Girls Debating '22
Lesbian '22
Hypatian '22
"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

FLORENCE TOMLINSON
Junior Chamber '19, '20, Sec'y '21; Vice-Pres. '22
Hi YW. '18, '19
W. G. A. A. '18, '19, '20
Kylonian '19, '20, Sec'y '21; Pres. '22
Tatler '19, '20, Editor '21 and '22
Girls Debating '21
Honoraria Service '21, Journalism '22
Remington Medal '22
Federation Board '20, '21, '22
Tennis Club '21
Girl's Golf Club '19, '20 Pres.
"I'd speak a word or two to ease my conscience."

WILLIAM GUNSON TONES
Junior Chamber '20, '21, '22
Hi Y, '21, '22
"I've seen your stormy seas and stormy seas
And pity lovers rather more than seamen."

JOHN L. TSCHANTZ
Junior Chamber '21
Hi Y. '20
"Who never doubted, never half-believed."

PEARL A. TYER

Hi YW. '19, '20, '21
W. G. A. A. '19, '20
Tennis Club '20, '21

"Oh, the toils of Life."

ALICE KATHRYN VAN METER

Kylonian '22
Tatler '22

"Let's banish business, banish sorrow,
To the gods belongs tomorrow."

CORDA VORIS

Community Players '22
Woodburn '19, '20, '21

"Defer not till tomorrow to be wise."

DON WALLACE

North High '18
Dallas Center High '19

"He can make tomorrow as cheerful as today."

DOROTHY RUTH WATTS

Junior Chamber '21
Tennis Club '19

"Oh Woman! Uncertain, coy and hard to please."

ELIZABETH HOPE WENTWORTH

Senior Play
Haddonfield, New Jersey '18, '19
State Center, Iowa '19
Mount Ayr '20
Eldora, Iowa '20
Woodbury, New Jersey '21

"A ministering angel, thou."

ALICE WESTPFAHL

Junior Chamber '21
Hi YW. '21, '22
W. G. A. A. '22

"Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son."

REBA WILLEY

Hi YW. '21, '22

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

ADDISON WILSON

Junior Chamber Treas. '20; Pres. '21; Treas. '22
Hi Y. '20, '21, '22
Student Council '21, '22
Community Players '21, '22
Golf Club '21, '22
Kyle Klub '21, '22; Vice-Pres. '21; Pres. '22
Tatler '20, '21, '22; Bus. Mgr. '20, '21, '22
Boys Debating Treas. '21; Sergt. at Arms '22
Honoraria Management '21
Cercle des Amis '21
House of Representatives '20
Jr. Ad Club '20

"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

WM. O. WISEMAN

Junior Chamber '18, '19
Student Council '20, '21
Community Players '19, '20, '21
Glee Club '18, '19, '20, '21
Hi Y. '19, '20
Choral Club '19, '20, '21
Football '21
Track '20
Forum '18, '19, '20
Blasco Ibanez '19, '20

"I would not waste my spring of youth in idle dalliance."

RUTH MAE WOODARD

Hi YW. '19
W. G. A. A. '19

"Blessed are they that have the gift of making friends."

CLELLA WRIGHT

Junior Chamber '20
Kylonian '21, '22
Tatler '21, '22

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

LODEMA YOUNG

Hi YW. '20
Community Players '22
Kylonian '22
Huron High, South Dakota

"She needs no eulogy—she speaks for herself."

Class Song

Words and Music by Margaret French.

Spir it of our class May it al ways be the best And

this our watchword be I Will for West

Dear old West High We'll keep your stand ards true As

through the years we go The Class of twen ty two.

Class Poem

West High, dear old West High,
You've been our truest friend.
Four happy years we've spent here,
But now they all must end.
West High, you have prepared us
To fight a noble fight,
You've given us the greatest gift,
Of hearts and minds trained right,
Lessons of honor you've taught us,
You've shown us the right path to choose,
Instilled in our wills and our spirits,
A courage too deep to lose.
You've trained us to be honest and upright,
In every small deed that we do;
And whenever temptation assailed us,
To be staunch as our standards so true.
Our faith in you, dear West High,
Is as strong as the strongest steel,
Mere words are insufficient
To express the love we feel.
West High, we'll never falter
In what we attempt to do,
We'll fight our fight with the spirit
Of the dear old Maize and Blue.
A debt we can never repay,
For the ideals of Right we've learned
Are deep in our hearts to stay.
Farewell, dear old West High! God speed you!
May our lives be lived for thee!

Silas Biggs.

President's Address

In the decades of the school history of West High we have done as the classes that have come and gone before us. Always looking ahead, never behind. Ever striving to raise the ideals of the school.

We took our first step out into the world when we started to school. We had our battles to fight, our difficulties to overcome, and our individual situations to face. We never looked back to think about the past, but always ahead into the future, a better, brighter, more successful future.

As we grew older we strived to raise our ideals. We learned to cherish the love of others and were taught real Americanism.

Ever advancing, improving, and our minds broadening, we started to high school. Here we had new obstacles to overcome, new situations to face, and new battles to fight. We were always hopeful, looking ahead into a golden future, never into the dark and distant past.

The spirit of fight which filled the souls of those before us was so imbedded in our hearts that it could not be downed. We rooted for our teams. We sat at the games and felt the tears come to our eyes when luck was against us. Their defeats were ours. Their victories applauded by us.

Now with reluctance we are forced to leave the old school. Graduation is truly commencement. We are starting out into the great beyond from whence we can never return. We dread this parting. Yet day by day the time has approached and now we are leaving forever.

Students, we bid you farewell. We look to you to hold high the ideals of West High, to keep up the old spirit of fight, to play the game clean and hit the line hard. Though we are far away our spirit will be with you always.

And so we place our faith and hope in you to cherish the old school and love it and to keep the name of dear old West High clean and unspotted when we are gone.

Robert Thomas, President '22.

The Last Will and Testament

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That the Class of June, '22, and State of West High, being of sound mind and memory, do make and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills by us at any time heretofore made:

First: We direct that our just debts and graduation expenses be first paid out of our fathers' pockets.

Second: We bequeath our love to the school in parting.

To Jane Jarnagin, Don Kauffman, John Blanchard, Harold Hood, Winston Howland, Helen Reynolds and Elizabeth Rossman we bequeath the scholarship of Dorothy Thompson and Agnes Krarup.

To someone who is worthy we leave the success and talent of our leading lady, Alice Neff.

To the Spearmint fans we leave all wads of gum deposited under desks, lockers, chairs, etc.

To Ruth Eichelberger we bequeath Martha Richardson's blonde beauty.

To Edwin Hewitt we leave all the brains of the preceding Hewitts.

To Zona Stevenson we bequeath Helen Crouch's black eyes.

To Mary Boyd, Louise Jones, Gail Guile, Mackenzie Ward, Edith Lutz, Chuck Everett, Kathryn Kivits, Wallace Long, Sybil Lentz, Jimmie Craig, Sallie Miller, William O'Neil, Esther Lynde and Sallie Barnes we leave all future possibilities and opportunities.

To Father we bequeath a gavel made of iron to replace those broken on the Journalism classes.

To Mother we leave a brain vibrator to be applied to wool-gathering or dense students of mathematics.

To Louise Starkey we bequeath the leadership and popularity of Jean Bramhall.

To the faculty we leave the memories of our continual presence at daily pink teas.

To the students we leave our originality and spirit. May our example help and guide your classes even though they cannot reach our standard.

To Jean Whinery and Elsie Amend we bequeath the pep of Adeline Parsons and Margaret French.

To the girls we leave the process of preparing teachers for Clarinda by imposing memory books upon them.

To the future Tatler cartoonist we bequeath the talent and capability of Simon Neiman.

To Bill Mitchell we leave the blase countenance of Wayne Summey.

To the future editors of the Tatler we bequeath all the responsibilities of Florence Tomlinson.

To Bob Foster we bequeath almost as great height as that of Chuck Cownie.

To the ten boys of the class of '23 who are the most dependable, loyal and good natured, we leave Bill Wiseman's place as custodian of properties and stage manager for the various dramatic presentations.

To the bulletin board we bequeath a crepe which is to be hung there to show that in our departure from the school all the life has gone.

To the future prategers of Mr. Meier and his corps of hall assistants we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

To the Freshmen we grant permission to run in the halls or act in any way they please during the last week of school.

To the Sophomores and Juniors who are getting 4's and 5's we bequeath Addison Wilson's power of bluffing.

To Mrs. Brooks we leave a Corona so that recipients of her various missives may be saved time and labor in deciphering them.

To some ambitious person we bequeath Audrey Barber's efficiency in the office.

To Miss Stivers we bequeath the Carnegie medal for willing and cheerful help given at any time and under all conditions.

To Miss Hanger we leave a crown made of cafeteria knives and set with spoons. She is to be crowned "Queen of the Soupline."

To Mr. Weeks we bequeath still additional noble West High traditions.

To Mr. Steeper we bequeath the good will and hearty appreciation of the class.

LASTLY: WE DO NOMINATE AND APPOINT CLASS OF '23 EXECUTORS OF THIS, OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, WE HEREUNTO SET OUR HANDS AND SEAL AND PUBLISH AND DECLARE THIS TO BE OUR LAST WILL, THIS 9TH DAY OF JUNE, 1922.

CLASS OF '22.

SIGNED, SEALED, PUBLISHED AND DECLARED BY SAID CLASS OF '22 AS AND FOR THEIR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT IN PRESENCE OF US, WHO IN THEIR PRESENCE AND AT THEIR REQUEST AND IN THE PRESENCE OF EACH OTHER, HAVING SUBSCRIBED OUR NAMES AS WITNESSES.

President Harding.

Tony, the "Ice Cream Man."

Jean MacKinnon, '22.

Class Oration

"CITIZENSHIP"

To be a good citizen was merely a matter of following our companions, during the war, but now that the glamor and wild patriotism are gone, many are losing the fire that lately went hand in hand with good citizenship. Not very long ago it was a common event to see soldiers parading to stirring, martial music that awakened the best within us, but now, there is nothing to thicken the blood of the weak and to call the strong for better results.

So many people feel that good citizenship can only be shown by heroism or great deeds and they attempt to live from war to war on their bravery. No matter what is done for one's country during war times, good citizenship must be shown in everyday life.

Good citizenship is not necessarily shown by flaring headlines in the newspaper nor by medals, but by the small tasks of everyday life for which no thanks may be received nor any notice taken. We have studied in school of many citizens whose names are in history as, Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt, but they seem so far distant from the paths we follow day by day, that instead of trying to live up to their deeds, we consider them something beyond our reach. We feel that they merely had a chance to do something that was outstanding and received a great name. Even these men, before this chance was given, had to prove by their actions and deeds, day by day, that they would not fail.

These men seem so far away we do not think of them as ordinary people in this every day world. Our own community had a citizen, a graduate of West High, whose life may be a better example to us of today than these famous men. An ideal citizen, one who gave his life that this might become a better, broader-minded community. There is not time to enumerate his deeds but it will not suffice to merely state that he made a success of all he started. Few, if any, people could conceive the breadth of his work. He worked for each organization as if it were the only one that had his attention at that time, although he was working for many causes at once. During the war no matter what the call, nor how short the time for preparation, this man was never known to give up or to fail. There was not a war drive but that he did more than his part to put it across.

Since the war whenever a civic body wished a project to prosper, they called on this man, whom to them meant success. Creed or position were not thought of in his work, but he willingly answered the call of all in an honest endeavor to do his best even though he knew his days were numbered.

As he was respected by those high in business for his great work and honor, he was loved by all under him—not as servant to master—but with the love of one man for a greater man.

Even though these results were accomplished with ease, Mr. Sheuerman was quiet in manner and asked no praise. When he finished the work for the community he returned to his business. Mr. Sheuerman is mourned by all Des Moines, as a fine citizen, a leader in the good. Were we to spend the rest of our lives futilely attempting to come somewhere near the position Mr. Sheuerman attained, we should not have lived in vain.

When choosing positions we are liable to select more for the financial returns than for the chance we will have to be good citizens. A good citizen, respected by the whole community is bound to be successful in the end, but one who merely goes into life intent on the financial returns is respected by no one. As we go through life, as alumni of West High, credit will be reflected on ourselves, the institution, and the community if we are good citizens. Our citizenship as pupils of West High, is shown not in the big things, but by the loyalty to its government. During the four years as high school pupils we have learned much of why we should become better citizens, and as we go forth from West High it seems fitting that we take with us as a final word in parting the thought in regard to faithfulness in service as expressed by Alexander Maclaren:

"Oh! It irradiates all our days with lofty beauty, and it makes them all hallowed and divine, when we feel that not the apparent greatness, nor the external consequences which flow from it, but the motive from which it flowed, determines the worth of our deed in God's eyes. Faithfulness is faithfulness on whatsoever scale it be set."

Frederick Olmsted, '22.

Senior Chronicle

February	8	Class organized.
February	15	Officers elected.
March	25	Informal party in Gym.
April	21	Kid Day.
May	12	Formal party in Gym.
May	19	Class play, "Friend Hannah."
June	4	Baccalaureate at W. H. Auditorium.
June	5	Picnic at Greenwood.
June	6	Class Day.
June	7	Banquet at Harris-Emery's.
June	8	Graduation exercises at Coliseum.

Our "Memorial"

As we, the Seniors, wend our ways onward, away from West High, we bequeath to the school and all members thereof, a library, full to overflowing with fiction. Many of our Seniors have willingly donated to our collection, in order to make for themselves a name in the ranks of West High alumni.

To our principal, we leave "The Pilot." Our School Library, being sorely in need of interesting books, is bequeathed the "Valley of Silent Men." In appreciation of the order and quiet in the School Cafeteria, we leave "The Call of the Wild." To the Fifteenth Street Entrance, a place well appreciated by the various "couples," we leave "The Trysting Place."

We enclose herewith the donations of many of the students of the Senior Class:

"The Man of the Hour"—Robert Thomas.
"Smilin' Thru"—Ray Boyd.
"Involuntary Vamp"—Adele Schwartz.
"Clipped Wings"—Audrey Barber.
"The Dancin' Fool"—Dale Coffman.
"Jean"—Jean MacKinnon.
"Three Musketeers"—Chuck Cownie, Bill Strief, Dick Thompson.
"A Prince There Was"—Wayne Sumney.
"Helen of the Old House"—Helen Miller.
"The Sheik"—Addison Wilson.
"Seventeen"—Ray Brown.
"Martha-by-the-Day"—Martha Richardson.

"The Beloved Woman"—Helen Crouch.
"When a Man's a Man"—Russell Severson.
"The Flaming Forest"—Roger Budlong.
"Jo's Boys"—Josephine Gutfreund.
"Little Women"—Margaret French, Dorothy Deyoe.
"Little Men"—Randolph Hewitt, Wallace Barlow.
"Three Live Ghosts"—Edith Adams, Katherine Schantz, Dorothy Hall.
"The Girls"—Katherine Van Meter, Frances Sloane.
"Buddies"—Jean Bramhall, Eleanor Goodrich.
"A Romantic Young Lady"—Marjorie Moore.
"The Little Minister"—Alford Scott.
"Bab"—Adelynn Parsons.
"His Official Fiance"—Betty Potwin.
"Torchy"—Verne Herring.
"Leather Pusher"—Mortimer McCoy.
"Two Little Savages"—Junior Schee, Gordon Lovegrove.
"The Gentle Grafter"—William Wiseman.
"The Road to Understanding"—Agnes Krarup.
"Pollyanna"—Dorothy Wright.
"The Master's Violin"—Mary Jones.
"The Harvester"—William Newby.
"Dangerous Curve Ahead"—Norman Moon.
"The Guardian Angel"—Dorothy Thompson.
"Main Street"—Douglas Smith.
"Her Father's Daughter"—Miriam Kirbye.
"The Young Enchanted"—Lucille Lucas.
"The Heart of Toil"—Florence Tomlinson.
"Dere Mabel"—Mabel Potter.
"The Tin Soldier"—Philip Cless.
"Pride and Prejudice"—Harold Teachout.
"Little Lord Fauntleroy"—Ruth Woodard.
"Poor Little Rich Girl"—Clella Wright.
"Freckles"—Ralph Harley.
"Lavender and Old Lace"—Kathryn Reilly.
"She Stoops to Conquer"—Ora Goodell.
"Beautiful Joe"—Josephine Fairly.
"Heroes Every Child Should Know"—Edred Don Carlos, Chuck Coon, Milton Coon.
"A Pair of Blue Eyes"—Marion Lakin.
"Love Among the Artists"—Simon Neiman.
"The Man Who Came Back"—Herbert Sternberg.
"Alice for Short"—Alice Neff.
"You Never Saw Such a Girl"—Emma Huyck.
"The Lunatic at Large"—Silas Biggs.

19 KID DAY 22

Au Revoir

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
From the class that graduates this year,
The class that shall always be brave and true,
The class of nineteen hundred and twenty-two.

Out of your portals, old West High,
We go marching on, and our banners fly
Telling the world we belong to you
And proud of the fact, old Maize and Blue.

Far may we travel and much may we see,
But we shall never more happy be
Than we've been here, within your walls,
Working, playing—learning democracy, all.

To the teachers who've helped us here
Through these few wonderful years,
A word of sincere thanks to you
For your tact, kindness and friendship, too.

To the Juniors, the Sophomores and Freshmen all,
As we say "Au revoir" and pass from the halls,
We give you the charge, "Keep West's title clear,"
That she may have honors far and near.

Elizabeth Potwin, '22.

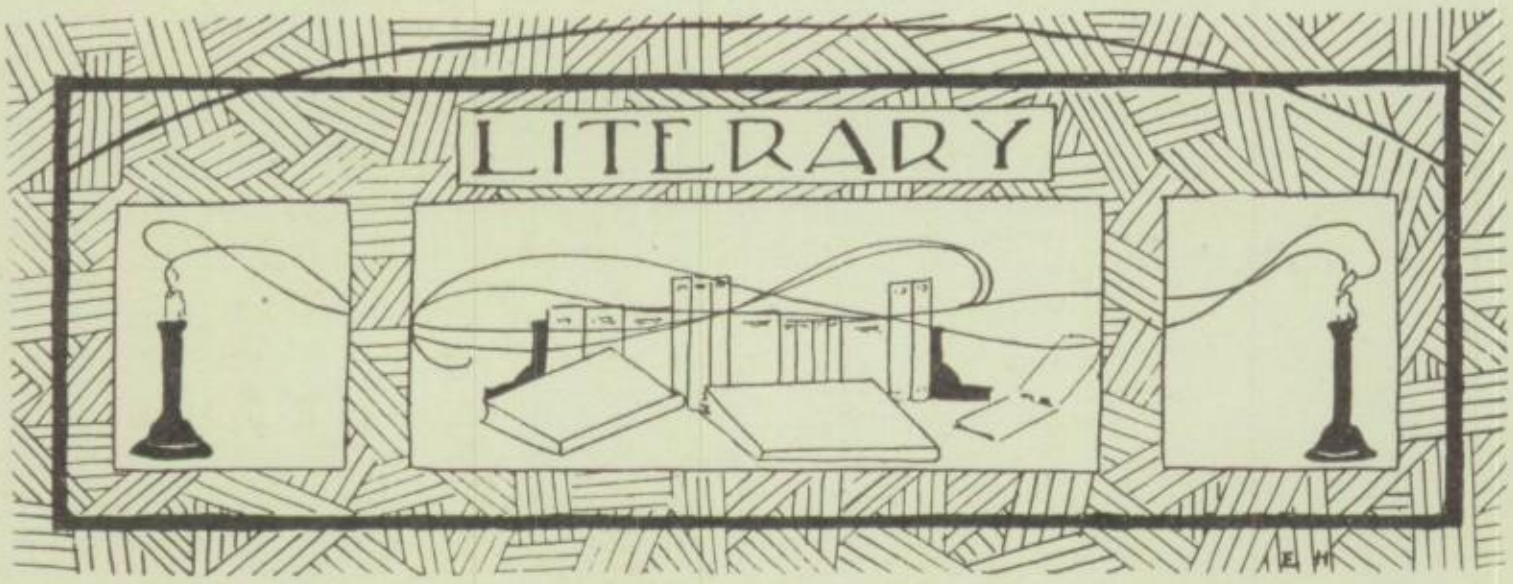
A Senior's Thanks

When the teacher's last pink slip is issued and the cap's on her fountain pen;
When there are no more to be given I shall rest, but not 'til then.
A rest will be easy and welcome, for the last six weeks I have toiled
To see that My Senior average, my four years of work isn't spoiled.

For four long years I have suffered; I have studied long and hard,
To be sure when they are issued there won't be a four on my card.
But in math this last semester I feared all was in vain,
With my class I could not finish—and my heart was cut in twain.

But now I've been justly rewarded and it really has been worth while,
Of my other grades I don't worry, and I can finish the course with a smile.
And when I get my diploma all will know I have worked,
And that during my four years in high school I never, no, never have shirked.

—Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.


LITERARY

Tatler Short Story Contest

Both Hands

BY

AGNES KRARUP

FIRST AWARD

Helen Wharton rushed into the house banging doors after her to announce her presence. "O mother!" she began, "we had the best time and next week we are going—," but she stopped short at the look on her mother's face. Mrs. Wharton had been reading a letter when Helen had come in and she now read an extract to her. "I have accepted the position here. Do you think that you can possibly pack and move by next week? This is necessary because I have already leased a house."

When the full meaning of the words fell upon Helen she turned and slowly went up to her room and glanced around. Never before had the room appeared so homelike, never before had she taken time to realize just how much her host of friends meant to her. Now she was going to leave. Leave the town where she was born and where she had lived all of her life for a big eastern city.

Helen was what Americans call the typical American girl of sixteen. She had always ranked among the highest in the town both in mental and physical ability. She was not beautiful, but she was strong and attractive looking. She was well liked by everyone.

* * * *

The Mitchell twins frankly pressed their noses against the window and even mother peeped through the curtains above their heads, but Grace disdained to be so rude and she told the family so. She mounted to her room and tried to read a little, but the latest novel was not very interesting today. Finally, curiosity prevailed and she too peeked through the curtains at the new people moving in across the street. "I can just tell that she is as neat as a pin," was her mental

comment, "but she looks as if she could be lots of fun. I'm sure we are going to be friends." This last soon proved to be true. In less than a month the girls felt as if they had known each other forever.

School was well started when the tryouts for the first girl's debate were held. Helen as a matter of course entered. She had always been a leader in debates at home and she did not question her ability in the new place. She really was very good, but in the large school there were others equally so. Much to her disappointment her side lost the debate.

This was a hard blow to Helen, because she had found people very unsociable in the city. Her only real friend was Grace and even she had other things to do. In her loneliness she had always comforted herself with the thought that she could still make a way for herself into other people's hearts by her talent along mental and physical lines. Now she felt that she was very commonplace.

At first she brought her troubles to her mother, but as time went on and she was rejected for basketball, defeated in the Student Body elections, and got the first "fair" which she had ever received, she saw that her mother was just as grieved as she was and she kept her sorrows in her own heart. She became rather morbid and spent all the time she had formerly devoted to sports, in reading.

One day when she was reading about Margaret E. Sangster she came across the motto, "Do whatever you attempt with both hands and all your heart." A new world seemed to open before her. "Why, that's just what is wrong in me," she exclaimed.

Every day after that she repeated the saying to herself, and in whatever she did, whether it was washing dishes, working for the club, or getting mathematics, she would concentrate until her brows were knit together.

When spring came she entered the girls' track meet. Because she was good in running, she was put in the mile relay. Night after night she practiced, always with her motto before her.

It was a lovely day and the bleachers were crowded to full capacity. Everyone was happy and excited. The track meet had gone off smoothly. The two schools had been very equally matched and now the last event would decide which was really the champion. Central just had to win. Helen knew that everyone was depending upon that relay.

Bang! They were off. "Both hands and all your heart—both hands and all your heart" the words pounded through Helen's head as her legs flew over the ground. "Run—run—run—Helen Wharton—" All Central High was on its feet shouting, yelling, jumping, but Helen had forgotten everything except the words, "Both hands and all your heart." At last she touched off the next girl—everything was in confusion—her head whirled—they were yelling something—she could make out her name. Central High had won and because of her. A glorious feeling of happiness flooded her.

That night she got out her book on Margaret Sangster. "They think it was because I could run," she said aloud, "but I know it was because of both my hands and all my heart."

Lester Thompson the Fifth

BY

MARTHA COFRAN

SECOND AWARD

Miss Hutchinson was a good teacher—every boy and girl in her schoolroom knew it. They all liked her. She had a keen, wide-awake, smiling face, and merry brown eyes.

Perhaps it was the sunshine of Miss Hutchinson's own happy nature that attracted the children.

It was December; the hours flew on a thousand wings—the Christmas spirit filled the atmosphere, but two days before the twenty-fifth a cloud came to dim the sunshine of Miss Hutchinson's room. The morning exercises were over, but before giving the signal for study, Miss Hutchinson cleared her throat and the merry twinkle faded from her eyes. Her face was pale—she stood silent before the class. At the rear of the room sat Lester Thompson, fourteen years old, one of the "big boys of the grade." It seemed as if some mischievous imp had taken possession of him ever since the beginning of the week inciting him to all sorts of unkind acts. Miss Hutchinson wondered if the prospect of the Christmas tree had been too dazzling.

In the very front seat nearest her desk sat Dick Spry, the smallest pupil in the school. His eyes were red, his face white and nervous. Now and then his little shoulders shook with a dry sob. Lester Thompson and Dick Spry were the only two in the room who were not looking at the slender teacher.

Miss Hutchinson began in a low voice, "I don't want to be cross, children, but I have asked you time after time to be ladies and gentlemen in your conduct toward others. I've asked you to try always to do right. You all know how unkind it is for a large boy to plague a

small one. This morning I saw something that made me very sad. I will call no names—I simply ask the big boy who was so thoughtless, so unkind, so ungentlemanly, to leave the room and not return until he will make an apology and promise good behavior in the future."

Miss Hutchinson's voice trembled, for she was fond of Lester Thompson, but she was determined to have obedience. Lester Thompson flushed hotly and glanced toward the window. He felt the eyes of all his schoolmates upon him. At last he arose and quickly left the room. He walked down the street, crossed the foot bridge over the creek, climbed the fence and went into the evergreen woods that belonged to his father. There was a hard lump in his throat and he clenched his fists. "Dirty little cry baby," he muttered, "just because I threw his cap up on the roof and then boxed his ears to make him quit sniffling. Wait till I catch the little shrimp off the school grounds. I'll give him something to cry for, and Miss Hutchinson had no business to talk as she did. I don't care, I'm not going to try to be good any more, I might have known the teacher would be as mean to me as she dared. I'll never apologize. I'll show her."

Even as he uttered the words, he knew he would not injure Miss Hutchinson in any way, if he did have the power. Going deep in the piney woods where he was sure there was no danger of being discovered, the boy threw himself face down among soft brown needles and cried.

For upwards of an hour he lay there. His anger died as his tears dried, and he thought more calmly. "Was Dick such a cry baby, after all? He was little and never had been well and strong like the other boys." Lester remembered the many times Dick had written his exercises for him when baseball had claimed most of his time. Dick was always ready to divide his candy, his lunch, to loan his bicycle to any of the boys.

These recollections brought a flush to Lester's face and a sense of shame to his heart, he felt humiliated.

"But I just can't go back and apologize," he said aloud. He got up and was walking slowly along the path when he met his father.

"Why, dad," he exclaimed, "where are you going?" Surprise was written in large letters all over Mr. Thompson's face. He dropped the axe from his shoulder.

"Going?" he repeated, "why to cut the Christmas tree for Miss Hutchinson and your room. What are you doing here?"

Lester hesitated. His father's gaze traveled over him, noting the emotion he was trying to conceal.

"Tell me, son." There was a world of tenderness in the tone. Tears came to Lester's eyes.

"Father," he sobbed, "I am expelled from school. I threw Dick Spry's cap up on the roof and then boxed his ears because he cried."

Mr. Thompson moved nearer his boy. "When I have done wrong, Lester, I always talk it over with someone. Let's sit on this log and you tell me all about the trouble."

For a few minutes the unhappy boy could not speak, then he told

(Continued to page 51)

The Test of Citizenship

BY

DOROTHY THOMPSON

THIRD AWARD

There was once a beautiful country known far and wide for the broad plains and dense forests of its picturesque countryside, and for the well-ordered cities, that were so pleasing to the eye, and its name was The Land of Education.

Through the central valley of the land ran a swift river, which, with its branches, supplied all the country with water. It was called the River of Knowledge, and divided the kingdom into two parts. One was called the Country of School, the other, Experiences, which had no boundaries, but merged into the World. In the Country of School the inhabitants lived in cities, and the water from the river was supplied to them by books, a kind of piping system. But in Experience each person was compelled to carry it for himself, at the expense of much time and energy. This was at times unsatisfactory when water was needed and was not available quickly. However, the inhabitants, some by indolence, others by necessity, having no remedy, were forced to continue in this way, although some enterprising persons had begun to install systems similar to those in the neighboring country.

In the Land of School the towns and cities were populated in accordance with the age and wisdom of the people, who passed from one to another as they gained maturity and knowledge. Thus there was ever a new group of persons coming to take over the dwellings and another which passed into the World, either directly or by way of the Land of Experience.

Each student, as the people were called, brought with him upon entering School, a magic lump of clay from which he could fashion whatever he wished. This clay, and the power of molding it, was to remain with him all of his life, but after leaving School it was usually found so hard as to be difficult to change thereafter. So that most

people carried with them their clay, or Citizenship, in the form in which it left School.

While on the whole the Land of Education was an orderly country, there were, as always, some small groups of offenders. These were always found to have made some queer thing of their Citizenship, which was annoying to others, and disturbed the peace of the country.

Now one day there came to the good and wise king of the land, word that in spite of repeated suggestion, a number of careless students in all the cities were causing great disturbance by their disregard of others. He sent for his prime minister, Student Council, and inquired of him if this were true, and what might be done in the matter.

"Indeed," replied the counselor, "It is quite true, and there seems nothing of the usual sort which will correct it. It has become the fashion in a group of the students to form their Citizenship Clay into little balls of rubber-like material which are attached to long, elastic strands. Their chief delight is to spring these upon unsuspecting fellow citizens or strangers. While usually no harm is done, there have been instances in which injury has occurred by strangulation when the long string has wrapped suddenly about a person's neck, or when a severe fall has been the result. These students are not really bad, but they enjoy this so much that they fail to recognize it as the cause of unfavorable criticism."

The king shook his head thoughtfully.

"And is it not today that ambassadors from the World of Business come to select a page for their king's court?"

"It is, my lord. They are expected at any moment."

"Go, then, and tell the candidates to prepare for the examination."

Soon there came the flourish of trumpets which announced the arrival of the ambassadors. They were beautifully arrayed, as befitting courtiers of one of the greatest nations, but their faces were wise and kind and showed them to be men of judgment.

They bowed before the king, and read a message from their sovereign requesting an opportunity for selecting from the members of the Senior Class from the State called High School, a lad who should be a page at the court with rapid advancement as he showed ability.

The king gave his consent, and the candidates were brought in. They were all fine looking boys, and all seemed fitted for the position of trust. But the keen eyes of the ambassador quickly selected the best. Their intelligence, leadership, and poise were examined, and the number of candidates were reduced to three. Then Citizenship was called for. And now no doubt could remain as to the outcome, for two produced little rubber balls with strings attached—the playthings of which they had been so proud. The third brought forth a cube of glistening marble which seemed to shine with a light of its own—a fitting cornerstone for a strong and beautiful character.

When the crestfallen lads had gone, and the courtiers had departed with the successful candidate, the king turned again to his minister, this time with a smile in his eyes.

"We could have planned nothing better, were we ever so wise. Those

disappointed boys will begin to build their foolish little balls into something better, and will do more by their good example than we could do by any amount of talking or commanding. They are still so soft, the little balls, that it will not be difficult when once they begin, and we shall again have peace and order in all the land. For if everyone took care of himself and at the same time considered the other person, what would be the need of laws and regulations?"

And the king was right, for when the thoughtless students saw their leaders finding their pleasure in other ways, they quickly followed, so as not to be left out, and the Land of School became indeed a place where all learned citizenship of the highest type, and sent forth its people to lead the World to better ideals.

Lester Thompson the Fifth

(Continued from page 48)

the whole story just as it happened. His father listened attentively. "You did wrong, Lester, but that is past now. I am glad you told me. If you really want to do right, you must do the hard, hard thing. You know what it is. I know you are going to be brave and strong, for you are my son. The first Lester Thompson fought under Washington. He was brave, kind, and truthful. Even when in fault no real soldier turns his back on his own flag nor deserts his captain. You are the fifth Lester Thompson. All those before you were truthful and honest. Think it over, son; I must get Miss Hutchinson her tree."

Lester stood watching his father until he was lost in the shadows of the pine woods, then he turned and made his way back to the schoolhouse.

It was nearly noon, he pushed the door open, the last recitation was closing. Lester walked to the front of the room. There was a moment of intense silence.

"Miss Hutchinson," he said, "I'm sorry for what I did this morning —I promise never to be unkind to Dick again. I want the boys and girls to know I am ashamed of myself. I want to come back to school."

Miss Hutchinson's brown eyes glowed with a happy light. "I'm so glad you came back, Lester. We all know that you are going to be a brave, kind man. Remember that he who conquers himself of little faults, he who does unto others as he would have others do unto him, he who makes up his mind that he will be the best and truest that he can, he is after all the bravest. The boy or girl who is kind to everyone, and loyal in the face of temptation, will be honored by his friends and cannot help being successful and happy."

As Lester passed to his seat, little Dick Spry's blue black orbs danced with friendship.

The Lucky Misfortune

BY

ROBERT MCCARTNEY

FOURTH AWARD

Jack Carson felt very important this particular winter evening as he finished his day's work. His father had gone to the city in the morning and had told Jack he would have to be the "man of the house" for the next two days or until Mr. Carson should return. The mountain home of the Carsons was thirty miles by mountain trail from the nearest railroad station and fifteen miles from the nearest village. Jack's father farmed a very fertile valley surrounding the well-built log house. It was a lonely place to live at best, but with Mr. Carson gone and a rumor that there was an escaped convict in the neighborhood, Jack saw many real and imaginary dangers from which he must guard his mother and two sisters. Elsie, his younger sister, was only nine, while his elder sister, Ruth, was eighteen. Ruth had been away at a girls' school for the two previous years, and was staying at home this year only because Mrs. Carson's health had failed from overwork, and someone must do the housework.

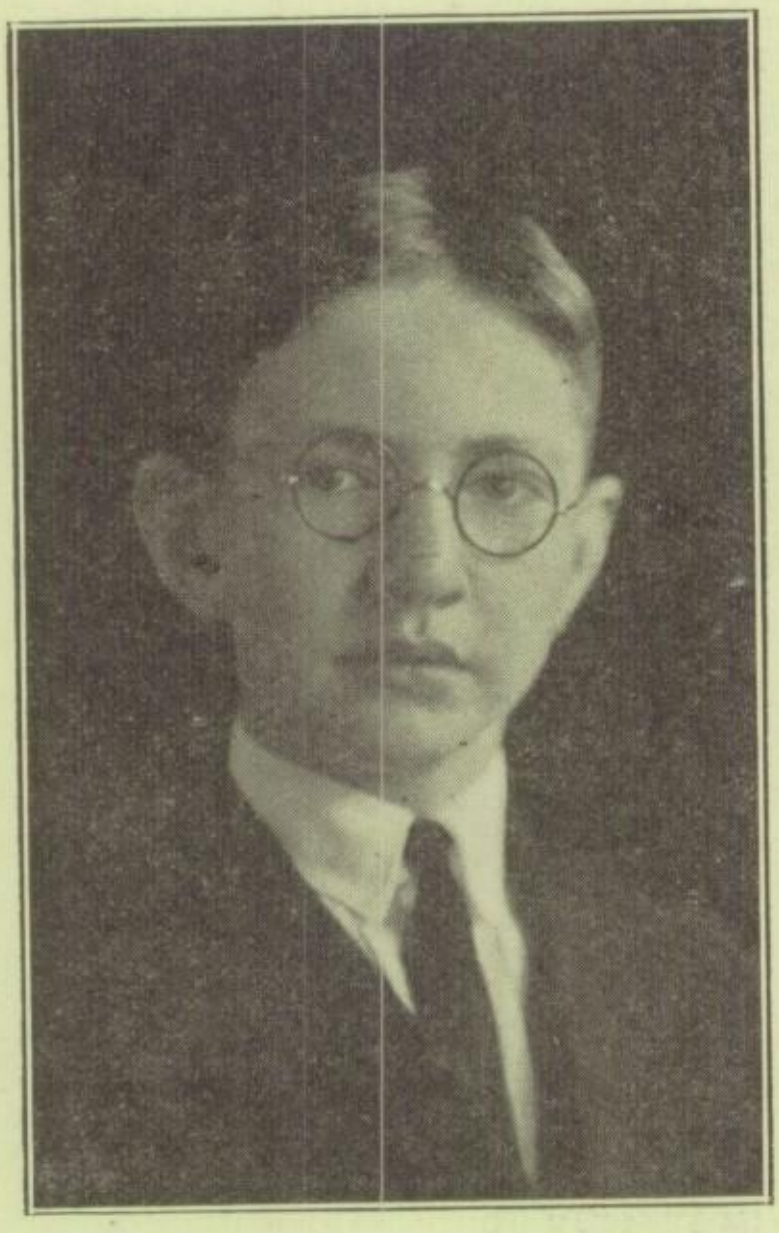
At the supper table that evening everything seemed as usual except for the absence of the father. Jack's mind, however, was turning to annoying subjects. For instance, suppose the outlaw he had heard about would break in and try to murder them all, what would he do? Jack asked himself. His eyes would frequently turn to the corner where the large hunting rifle was standing, and he wondered if he would have nerve enough to use it in case of necessity. His father did not allow him to use the gun, but Jack had watched him enough to feel that he knew just how to use it, so it gave him a greater feeling of security. When the family had nearly finished supper, they were terrified as they heard quick, heavy footsteps approaching the door. This excited Jack to immediate action, and in an instant he was ready with the gun pointed toward the door, and he was not a moment too soon, for the door burst open and a man rushed in. Jack, supposing him to be the outlaw, fired at first sight. With the bark of

the gun, the man sank to the floor writhing with pain. With a cry, Jack ran forward, for he had seen his mistake the instant he shot—this man was no outlaw, for he wore a much-tattered uniform of the United States Mail Service and the insignia on his sleeve showed that he was an aviator.

The others saw, too, and Ruth, who had learned considerable about first aid, was soon preparing bandages for the scalp wound, which was made by the bullet grazing his head. He had been stunned into unconsciousness and by the time he opened his eyes, he was comfortably located on the couch, and he found himself looking into the eyes of the nicest girl he had ever seen, at least so it seemed to him.

Then he explained to them all how he happened to so rudely intrude upon them. His engine had failed and he had managed to get down safely on a hilltop not far distant, although it was nearly dark. He had started in search of a place to spend the night. As he was walking along, he chanced to glance behind him, and saw several pairs of eyes gleaming through the darkness. He quickened his pace, longing for the sight of a human dwelling, and at length came in view of the Carson home. By this time the wolves—for wolves they were that followed him—had become bolder, so he decided to run for the house. As he neared the house, he sensed that another form had sprung from the darkness and was nearly upon him. With an extra burst of speed he gained the doorway only to be treated as before related. Jack felt very much ashamed and asked for forgiveness, explaining his overwrought nerves. He also said that his pursuer during the latter part of the race was evidently Major, their large family dog. Jack had noticed him outside the door a moment after the entrance of the aviator. Forgiveness was granted on the condition that Jack would take the mail sacks to the nearest post office, as his head would not be healed enough for him to leave for some time. This Jack did willingly the next day.

The next few days were happy ones in the Carson home, even if there was a wounded man there. The wounded head grew steadily better under the expert treatment of Miss Ruth. And, in the meantime, a strong friendship grew between the young man and his pretty nurse. One day he worked on his machine all day in preparation for his departure the following morning. That evening he asked Mr. Carson, who had returned several days before, if he could spare his daughter to be the life companion of an aviator. Mr. Carson, who had come to like the fellow greatly, suggested that they wait for a year until they should all become better acquainted. Ruth, who had been consulted the previous evening, agreed to this plan. So in the months following, the aviator was often a guest among the happy family and was worshipped by all. When they were married and were off for a honeymoon in the air, everyone looked back and thanked fortune for the misfortune that brought them together.



The Three-Bagger

BY

LOUIS VERVEER

FIFTH AWARD

Bill Thompson sat talking to his roommate, Johnny Merrill.

"But I tell you you **are** a good player! If you'd only come out for the team you could make a sub at least! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll promise to enter your old manuscript contest, or whatever it is you've been grinding at for the last six weeks, if you'll try out for the team. Now, how's that?"

"Yes, but I can't play baseball. I'd probably lose every game I played. And, besides, if you did make a mistake in your manuscript, it would just make people laugh and it wouldn't hurt anything. But if I'd get out there on the field and make a bunch of errors it wouldn't be a laughing matter. No, I can't see how I'm ever going to be a baseball player."

"Won't you just try it for a week? If you decide to stick, then I'll write the best story I can for the paper."

"Well, all right. I'll practice while the team's on this trip, and try out as soon as you come back. But remember, if after a week I don't seem to be getting anywhere, I can quit."

"You bet! Well, so long. After we get back, I'll reserve a locker for you."

"Good luck to you, Bill," said Johnny, as Bill arose and picked up his grip. "I hope you win tomorrow."

"Thanks, Johnny. Good-bye."

Roommates they had been for three years. For two years Bill had been second baseman on the baseball nine. His chum, Johnny, was the champion story writer of Andrews College. Both were the best of friends and intended to graduate in a few months with high honors.

And now Johnny had not gone with the team on their first trip of the year. He wished that he could, but he just couldn't leave that manuscript undone. Of course, there was plenty of time to get it in, but he wanted to have the honor of getting his in first. And, as for making the team, why, that was utterly impossible. He had just consented to try out so that Bill could see for himself what a rotten player his chum was. Ridiculous!

When Bill returned the next evening he was very much excited. He had won the game by knocking a long three-bagger in the ninth inning with two men on bases. And the coach had said that there was a place on the team for John, if John would work for the position. But, best of all, he had met a young lady with whom he was very much taken. After witnessing his great feat she had complimented him and asked him to write to her. Suddenly he had recognized her as Ruth Wilson, an old schoolmate of his in grade school. She sure was "some swell kid." He had her address, too!

"Comin' down to practice with you tomorrow, Bill," said Johnny, interrupting.

"Sure thing! Don't forget."

Several weeks later Johnny was assured of the position of substitute, and Bill was assured that story writing was no easy matter. But he bore up very well, for he received many inspirations from Ruth, which, although they were not very helpful, were at least funny. Johnny happened to come upon one of these letters, one night, and when he had recovered from his fit of laughing, it was too late for him to do much studying. The letter read something like this:

"Dear William:

I was so glad to receive yours of the 7th inst. I will endeavor to fill your order in this letter, and if not satisfactory will try again. How are these?

1. Dick Griffin in the Outfield, or Plunging Through the Line.
2. The Treasure Hunters in Mexico, or What Happened When the Iceberg Sank.
3. The Airship Boys in a Submarine, or The Fight in the Caboose of the Limited.

Say, Bill, when you come back here to Crystallville for another game, bring that roommate of yours with you. I want him to tell me what he thinks of some stories I wrote.

Yours truly,

Wilson Scenario Co. Per R. W."

When Bill returned from the show that night, he was greeted with many howls.

"The Wilson Scenario Co.! Bring your author friend! How are these titles titled? Ho, ho! The boy who breaks training rules gets letters from a scenario writer! Ho, ho! Y' gonna take me? I'll betcha'd be scared to, fer fear I'd say her stories weren't any good! Ho, ho! Ha, ha! Purty good! Ho, ho!"

Bill crept silently to bed. He'd show Johnny what a fool he was! Next week, when they went to Crystallville, John would be on the

bench, while he, Bill Thompson, would be performing on the field in front of Ruth's very eyes! He'd get even!

But next week, Mr. William Thompson, rule breaker, did not accompany the team. The coach had heard that Bill had gone to a show that night, and he had suspended him for the rest of the week. Which was all very well, for he had not written the story which he had promised Johnny he would. This would give him plenty of time to do so.

But Bill couldn't see it that way. He certainly had wanted to go on that trip. And, worst of all, it was Johnny Merrill who was to take his place on the team and who probably would see Ruth. Hard luck! But it couldn't be helped.

On the other hand, Johnny was all excited. He was to play on the team and see Bill's girl, all in one day. He teased Bill good-naturedly, and Bill tried to smile.

At last the day, the hour and the minute had come. Johnny was on a fast train, but it wasn't fast enough for him. When they finally arrived at Crystallville and got to the field, Johnny was up in the air. Supposing he should miss every ball that came his way! Supposing the pitcher should get him scared and make him strike at anything! Too terrible for words!

But when The Game started, Johnny was all right. The Crystallville team had their outs, and Andrews College went to bat. No scores. Crystallville went to bat. No scores. And so on, through the first six innings.

When the seventh inning was over, the score stood one to nothing, in favor of Andrews. No scores were made in the eighth or first half of the ninth. Andrews went on the field with a one-run lead.

The first man fanned. The second man walked. The next one singled. The catcher missed the next pitch, and the men advanced to second and third. The weakest batter on the team came to bat. The infield closed in for a bunt. But Johnny was not to be fooled. Ball one. Strike one. Strike two. Ball two. The pitcher wound up and threw. Crack! The shortstop jumped into the air. Something bounced off his glove into the air. The runners were halfway to the next base. With one foot on the base, Johnny reached for the ball. Slowly it dropped into his hand. The game was won.

Johnny went back in bliss. Ruth was a better scout than he had even imagined. And he had a story of hers in his pocket. Wouldn't Bill rave! She hadn't even said anything about Bill's absence. What a day!

The weeks passed. When the semi-annual number of the "Andrews Apple" came out it contained an astonishing article. It told of a remarkable incident. Two roommates had graduated with the highest honors of the class. They both had won an "A" on the baseball team. They had divided first honors in the manuscript contest. It did not say they were both stuck on the same girl. Everyone knew that. These two remarkable Seniors were Mr. John Merrill and Mr. William Thompson. The "Apple" named them "Three-baggers," inasmuch as

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John Fourteen-One

By Lela Haycock

A beautiful white house stood near a large park. Its yard was filled with flowers and green grass. A large oak tree stood in the back yard and wide cement walks led up to the house. White curtains hung at the windows, which gave the appearance of a cool interior. A young girl of twelve could be seen playing on the grass with her small brother and large collie dog at most any time of the day. It was a home of luxury and Jean Kingman never knew what it was to want anything. She was a dear girl and her beautiful home did not spoil her. She was very pretty with her dark brown curls and soft brown eyes. Her round, rosy face was always dimpled in delight, for everything pleased her.

One day Jean went to the park to think. She did not feel like playing with Jack, the big dog, for her only brother, a boy of three years, was hurt. A car had run over him, and he lay in the hospital very low.

As Jean sat there in the park, her eyes wandered from one place to another and at last rested on a person in a wheel chair.

"Why, it's Miss Shaw!" she exclaimed as she hurried forward.

Miss Shaw lay in a wheel chair under a spreading oak tree. Her eyes were closed and her face seemed very pale. Her hands lay folded in her lap. A little white poodle dog played on the grass beside her. As Jean came running up, she opened her eyes slowly and sat up.

"It's only Jean," said Jean softly as she knelt by her side. "Oh! Miss Shaw, I am so glad you are back. And how are your eyes?"

"My eyes are no better, Jean. I cannot see at all," and Miss Shaw laid a slim white hand on the brown curls.

"I am so sorry, Miss Shaw. I did so want you to see," Jean said earnestly.

"Oh, never mind, dear, I would like to see, too, but it is as God wills. How are you, my dear, and little Charlie?"

"Oh, Miss Shaw, I am so lonely. Charles is hurt, and is in the hospital and he will die," she sobbed. "I know it, I know it," and tears continued to fall.

"Oh, no, Jean dear, Charlie may not die. Just hope and pray that he will live," said Miss Shaw as tears crept to her eyes as she remembered the lively, romping boy that she last saw.

"What good will that do? There's no hope and I know it. Charlie don't even know me, his sister. Oh, my." And she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Listen, Jean, the Good Book says, "Let not your heart be troubled; if you believe in God believe also in me." Just believe that Jesus will help your little brother and he will get better. Please, Jean, try it."

"Oh, I see mama going to the hospital. Good-bye. I'll see you again soon." And Jean ran away.

That night, as Jean stood looking out the window, the tree leaves rustled and seemed to whisper, "Let not your heart be troubled." Jean started. They were the same words that Miss Shaw had spoken. "I don't know anything about the Bible, but Miss Shaw said it said, 'Let not your heart be troubled,' and her forehead wrinkled in deep thought.

A few days after that Jean saw Miss Shaw again and, in answer to her question about Charlie, she said, "He is much worse, and Miss Shaw, won't you please tell me about 'Let not your heart be troubled?' Who said it? I don't understand it at all."

Miss Shaw pulled her gently down on the grass beside her wheel chair and told her simply. At the last she said, "Jesus said it, my dear, and he will take care of your brother. Take this and read it," and she pressed the New Testament in her hand. "Read it every night, it will help you to understand."

That night as Jean sat in her room, she took the Testament from her pocket and opened it.

The first thing that she read was, "Let not your heart be troubled." "Why, that's what Miss Shaw told me," she exclaimed, and she began to read with real earnestness. She read on and on and when she was ready for bed, she knelt in her first prayer and with faith she asked for help and care for Charlie. At the last she said, "O Father, I thank Thee for the person that made me see things right. O bless her that she may go on helping someone else."

The Three-Bagger

(Continued from page 56)

they had both bagged a scholarship, an "A" and a prize. Very remarkable!

The very afternoon that Johnny and Bill had finished reading their "Apple," they received a letter:

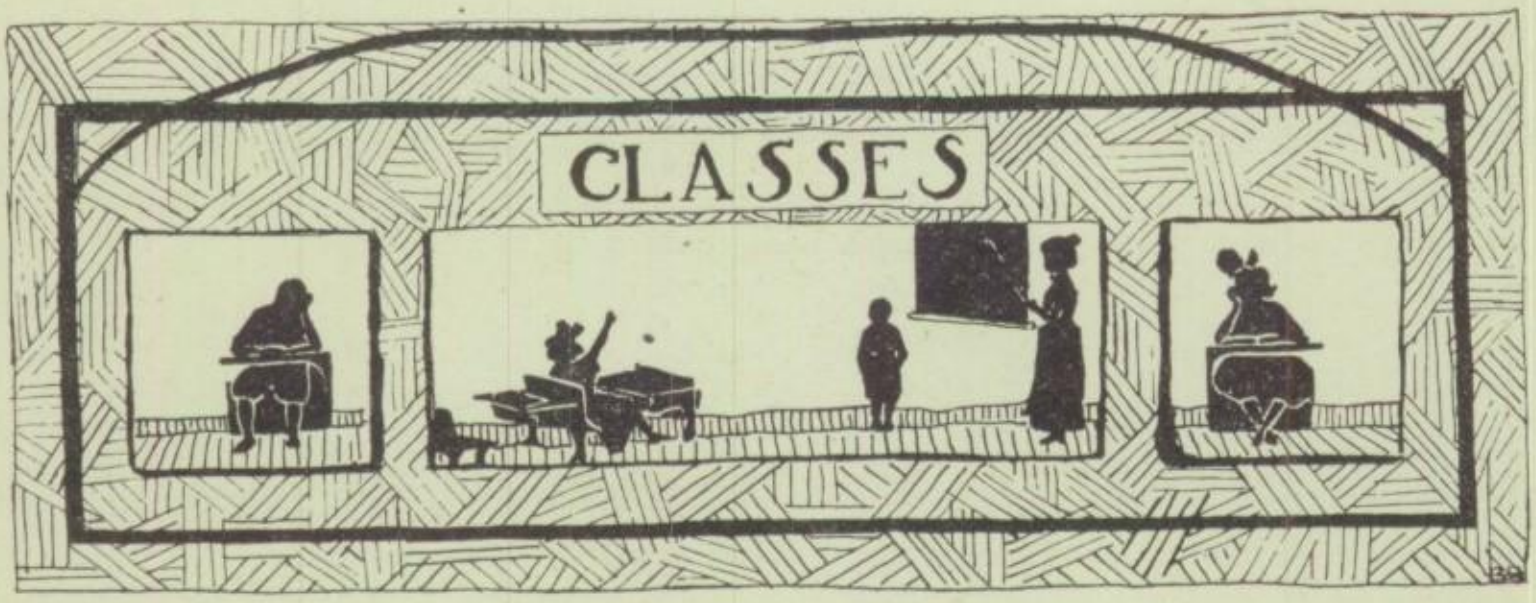
"Dear John and William:

I am to be married to an old friend next week. I would like your best wishes. Congratulations on your scholarships.

Cordially yours,

Ruth Wilson."

Bill looked at Johnny. Johnny looked at Bill. Bill sighed. Then he said, "She was the original three-bagger, all right. You, me and the other guy!"


CLASSES

Senior B

Top Row—Upstill, Bohannon, Shanklin, Coons, Ramsey, Seeling.

Fifth Row—Eggleston, Sexton, Childress, Jewett, Palmer, Branson, Duston, Bernd, Case.

Fourth Row—Noe, Everett, Walker, Carr, Glass, Rockwell, Irwin, Roth, Schneider, Brown, Mott.

Third Row—Anderson, Barnes, Niece, Newell, Swisher, Baker, Pressley, Boyd, Inman, Hunt, Malone.

Second Row—Smith, Bassett, Townsend, Clark, Spillers, Langman, Janisch, Vierling, Clement, Koth, Cunningham.

Bottom Row—Riefsnyder, Bayliss, Falvey, McKenzie, Wolfe, Eldridge, Crandall, Edwards, Thompson, Kaplan, Hurst, Hitz, Newlan, Junkins.

Top Row—Young, Howland, Wiley, Sloan, E. Stone, Quiner, Bishop, Boyce, Ford, Koebrick.

Fourth Row—Ackerman, Evans, Carpenter, Rich, Myklebust, Pitman, McManus, Markley, Blair, Morehouse, Carson.

Third Row—Dutcher, C. Stone, Heller, Hoff, Hansen, Uhl, Clemens, Higgins, Bisher, B. Coffin, McCauley, Wise, Agnew.

Second Row—Rounds, Kazebeer, Sutherland, Crawford, Guye, Newby, L. Higgins, M. Coffin, Mugge, Durnell, Johnston, Stowell.

Bottom Row—Parker, Rossman, Bernhard, E. Amend, Munn, Everett, Arant, Goldman, Garver, McMichael, Stevens, W. Amend, J. Blanchard, H. Blanchard.

Juniors

Top Row—Stowell, Campbell, Rank, Gillespie, Caponigro, Demick, Ackerly, Bragdon, Colby, Kolash, Lanham, Koester.

Third Row—Sinsky, M. Sutherand, Park, de Ruis, D. Koebrick, K. Koebrick, Samp, Abegg, Neff, Ristrim, S. Foster, K. Foster.

Second Row—Turner, Holmes, Conrad, Daniels, Fletcher, Schnell, Clemens, G. Bolton, Sargent, Willcockson, F. Burt, Hermann, Cullen.

Bottom Row—Raridon, Piper, Willey, Fountain, Rich, Zepter, Jones, Tones, Snider, Lyons, Carlson, Charles, Halt, Rinard.

Top Row—Stoll, Evans, Corwin, Boyce, Brown, Weitz, Dalbey.

Fourth Row—Davis, Mackintosh, Barrum, Bishop, Baughman, Heywood, Reno, Craig, Ward, Utter, B. Cole.

Third Row—Stotts, Whitehouse, Pharmer, Thompson, Hatch, Still, Huff, Roovart, Young, O'Neill, Cowperthwaite.

Second Row—Wilcox, Stull, Thompson, Freeman, Peterson, Long, Blount, Moore, Griffith, Watters, Boreman, Miller, Samonte.

Bottom Row—Hodson, Woods, H. Cole, Evens, Bishop, McCoy, Saylor, Wood, Smith, Zug, Humbard, Simmons, Lomas.

Juniors

Top Row—Cutler, Hill, Nading, Keithley, Goodwin.

Fourth Row—Imlay, Wallace, Carr, Schenk, Proper, Bennett, Bernhauer, Norton, Pearce, Waechter, Lingenfelter.

Third Row—Deering, Stutsman, Tone, Carter, Cummins, Carpenter, H. Fisk, Nelson, J. Harwood, Henderson, Wilson.

Second Row—Newton, Reid, Mohler, Prunty, Chesley, Putler, Harrod, Starkey, O'Connel, Bunker, Talley.

Bottom Row—Wilson, Nugent, Boyd, Kivits, Cowper, Guile, R. Harwood, Nickerson, Lazarus, Bryant, Herrmann, Schoonover, Callison.

Top Row—Stocking, Swarzman, Chapman, Frowick, Butler, Dufur, Pharmer, Pherrin, Sweet, Dugan, Grove, Selby.

Third Row—Head, Krarup, Thomas, O'Rourke, Page, Lawson, Beadler, Willard, Barber, Ellis, Miller, Wagner.

Second Row—Farmer, Keefe, Bauserman, Shea, Wright, Lake, Stone, Painter, McAllister, Goodwin, Long, Johnson.

Bottom Row—Lomax, Young, Jones, Utterback, Howell, Riffle, Winkler, Goulde, Holloway, Cotton, Smith, Corrigan, Wilkinson, Starkey.

Juniors

Top Row—Harrigan, Severson, Wall, Shawhan, Gilmore, Smith, Morgan, Lowe, Smith.

Third Row—Munsenmier, Stevens, Mould, Knutson, Allbrecht, Rodenbaugh, Ramsey, Woolman, Seaver, Cutler, Weed.

Second Row—Veatch, Webb, Parshall, Laughead, Roe, Fisher, Villeman, Chapman, Hufty, Hoover, Houghton, Utterson.

Bottom Row—Parks, McFarland, Heckman, Gray, Ousley, Trump, Ballantyne, Montanus, Morris, Davis, Hamlin, Seeman, Wilson.

Top Row—West, Brown, Infelt, Kauffman, Gray, Hull, Fenton, Warrens, Dorn, Needham.

Third Row—McNair, Tutt, Northrup, Lorenz, Russell, Hamilton, Jones, Rink, Jones, Vander Linden, Rampton, Parker.

Second Row—Timm, Ball, Flachman, Nathan, Wade, Stroutenburgh, Reynolds, Liddle, Chase, Nichols, Burrough, Anderson, B. Lyons.

Bottom Row—Northrup, Eldridge, Burgum, Secor, L. Sackett, Read, H. Sackett, Campbell. Haycook, Kidder, Balsley, Dole, Schmidt, Brayman.

Sophomores

Top Row—Skyles, Brown, Smith, Bush, Wimer, Brindley, Cleveland, Voss, Goldman.

Fifth Row—Miller, Barnes, Mulkey, Benton, Davis, Lockhart, Foster, Burgess, Leonard, Wolf, Fisk.

Fourth Row—Mattox, Pilkie, Craig, Spriggs, Toepper, Blair, Cowperthwaite, Bartlett, Wickham, Williams, Lassau.

Third Row—Miller, Frankel, O'Rourke, Smith, Moeller, Morgan, Rusk, Lee, Hylton, McCue, Verney, Casebeer.

Second Row—Bloodgood, Elwood, Parry, Elliott, McCarthy, Hoffman, Jansen, Eggenberger, Slinker, Henderson, Lasky, Lenhart.

Bottom Row—Barlow, Johnston, Pease, Van Benthuysen, Anderson, Gross, Barrum, Grouchy, Carlson, Clark, Vandenburg, Cotton, Channon, Hankammer.

Top Row—Kuyper, Streightler, Page, Usher, Baux, Van Laningham, Riddell.

Fourth Row—Kern, Burns, R. Harden, Cohen, Nehan, J. Hardin, Shumway, Chase, Ream, Hurst.

Third Row—Willey, Vreeland, Buckles, Hewitt, Joyce, Hicks, Willett, Wolf, Barnes, C. Munger, Pell, Smith.

Second Row—Ford, Coons, Agard, Coggeshall, Young, Schroeder, Griffith, V. Munger, Corrigan, MacRoberts, Rounds, Reiley.

Bottom Row—Cassell, Walters, Carley, Hartsook, Tibbetts, Talley, Carr, Schoen, Schaff, Brook, Pitts, Way, Peterson, Mayden.

Sophomores

Top Row—Ball, Newcomb, Piper, Murphy, Shambaugh, Abrams, Van Voorhis, Weible, Brunk, Reeves, Carr, Mitchell.

Third Row—Greene, Bassett, Parshall, Lynde, Dutcher, Mead, Smith, Palmer, Jones, Hartman, Murrow, Arpy, Mann, Gale.

Second Row—Morning, Phillips, Roy, Marsh, Weston, Phelan, Leamer. Patrick, Walker, Crawford, Roberts, Howell, Dexter, Shaver.

Bottom Row—Westpfahl, Stubbs, Bullock, Dobbins, Hostetler, Foster, Kellman, Cetran, Field, Lentenegger, Blair, Whinery, Anderson, Parker.

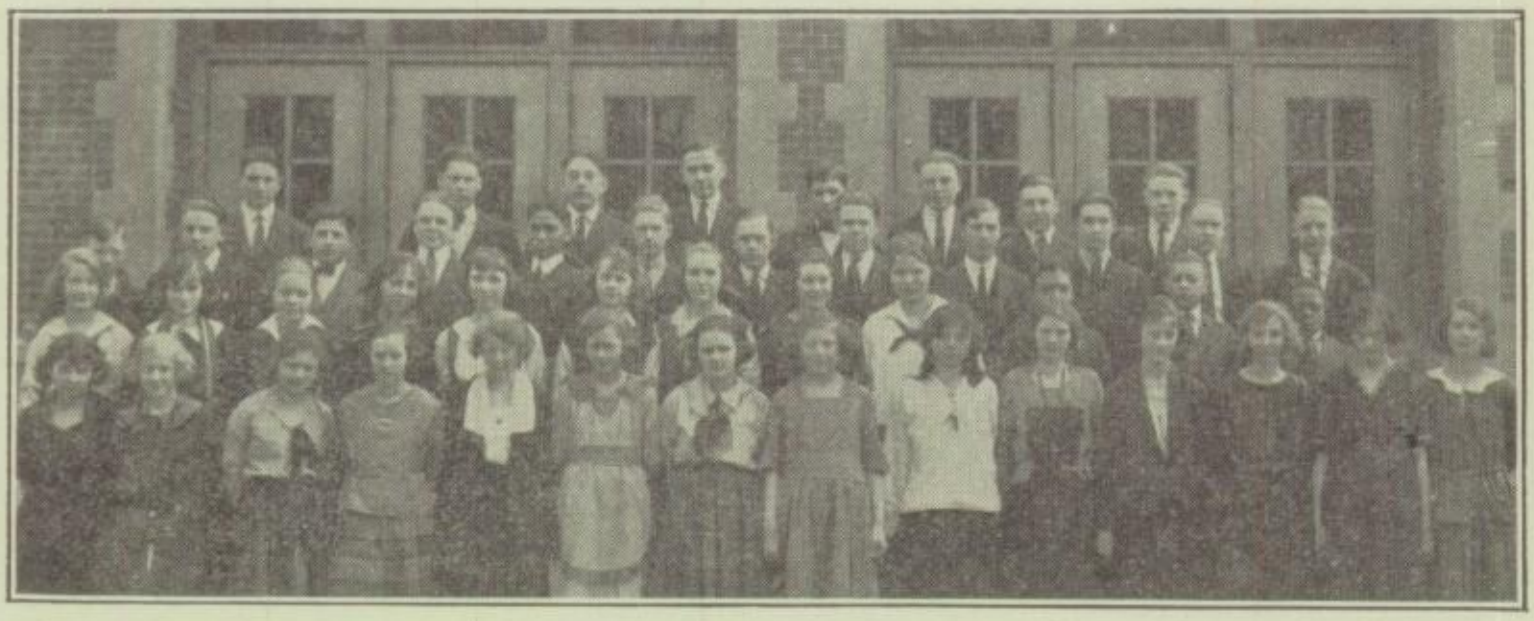
Top Row.—Bradley, Becker, Ungles, Meredith, Ross, Foster, Risser, Shuman, Mannatt, Gill, Bright, Carll.

Third Row—Turner, Olsen, Elbert, Gibson, Spry, Fraser, Lundgren, Harrington, Mitchell, Strong, Peairs, Lauderbaugh, Townsend.

Second Row—Follet, Clark, Nelson, Watson, Duclos, Morgan, Eckert, Wiltsey, Killebrew, Morehouse. Butcher, Freck, Brewbaker.

Bottom Row—Jackson, Powelson, Baie, Robinson, Van Tress, Woods, Scolf, Jones, Sullivan, Laughlin, Jefferson, Peterson, Boggess, Boring.

Sophomores

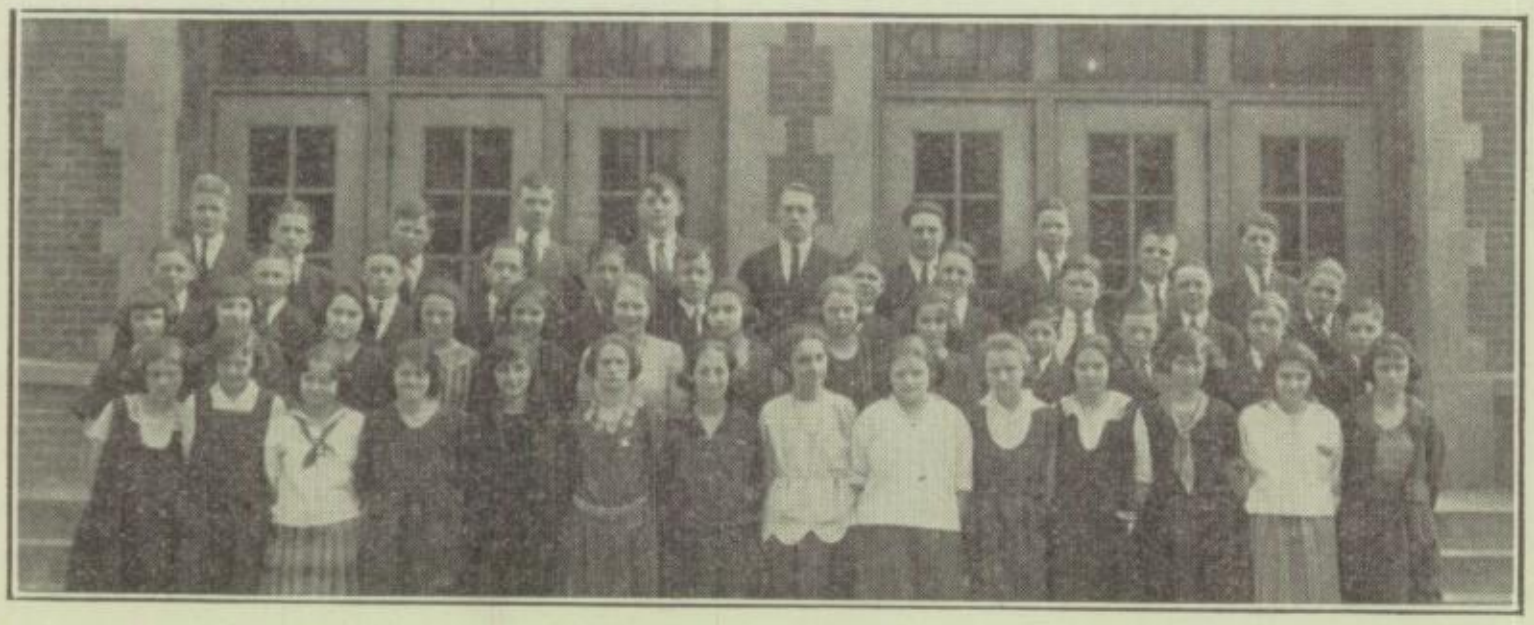


Top Row—Reaves, Burris, Pugh, McGlothen, Rockwell, Herrold, Morris, Kreps.

Third Row—Hatch, Hood, Townsend, Wade, Garabo, VrMeer, Irwin, Gray, Furman, Kauffman, Norris, Nelson.

Second Row—Munn, McDonnell, Trapp, Miller, Lutz, Foley, Lee, Guettier, Phillips, Spaulding, McGuire, Mease.

Bottom Row—Ray, Eichelberger, Myklburst, Riefsnyder, Nye, Tyler, Richman, Scott, Rice, Nicodemus, Hess, Christenson, Millis, Gero.



Top Row—Graefe, Clements, Koss, Cullen, Cownie, Streightler, Baux, Lyons, Kuhlman, Ezell.

Third Row—Voorhees, Everett, Brown, Elliott, Voh, Wilson, Oliver, Myers, Morrison, Garland, Harrison.

Second Row—Allison, Dickson, Robinson, Whitmore, Paley, Wilson, Manuel, Hirsch, Verran, Buonanni, Hood, Schenk, Pray.

Bottom Row—Harton, Kenworthy, Tubbs. Carter, Schwarz, Haycock, Frost, Koenneman Kiskadon, Johnson, Phillips, Fisher, Ginsberg, Blackledge.

Sophomores

Top Row—Herriott, Wohlgemuth, Ganung, Tenney, Stanley, Plows, Knotts, Fitch, Pratt.

Third Row—Mann Phillips, Goldstone, Fowler, Wiseman, Larsh, Steeper, Zook, Quint, Butcher, Brewbaker, Putnam.

Second Row—Jacobson, Brinsmaid, Cunningham, Ellis, Hirsh, Soper, Markley, Hardibeck, Powell, Ryan, Dunham, M. Gross, Rais.

Bottom Row—Wheeler, Fort, Grant, Stall, Berry, V. Gross, Thomas, Hurd, Boyd, Gray, Secor, Johnson, Clark.

Freshmen

Top Row—Mangosing, Conley, Gruening, Longerbone, Neal, De Marce, Stillwell, Heald, Randell, Castle, Buten.

Fourth Row—Roderick, Pierce, Hitts, Neuman, Thompson, Bueford, Hardebock, Ganshaw, Taylor, Camp, Maxey, Rice.

Third Row—Hamilton, Bonnel, Wilcoxen, Trillow, Northrup, Steel, Capps, Farley, Watson, Rammey, Bates, Johnson, Holdren.

Second Row—Scanan, Blakkolb, Elbert, Agard, Rounds, James, Laughead, Tippets, Jackson, Muelhaupt, Barkalow, Grill, Mead.

Bottom Row—Hull, Daily, Nesbitt, Amend, Smith, Moeller, Lindsay, Stelle, Wielan, Patrick, Clark, Martin, Beverlin, Kirbye.

Freshmen

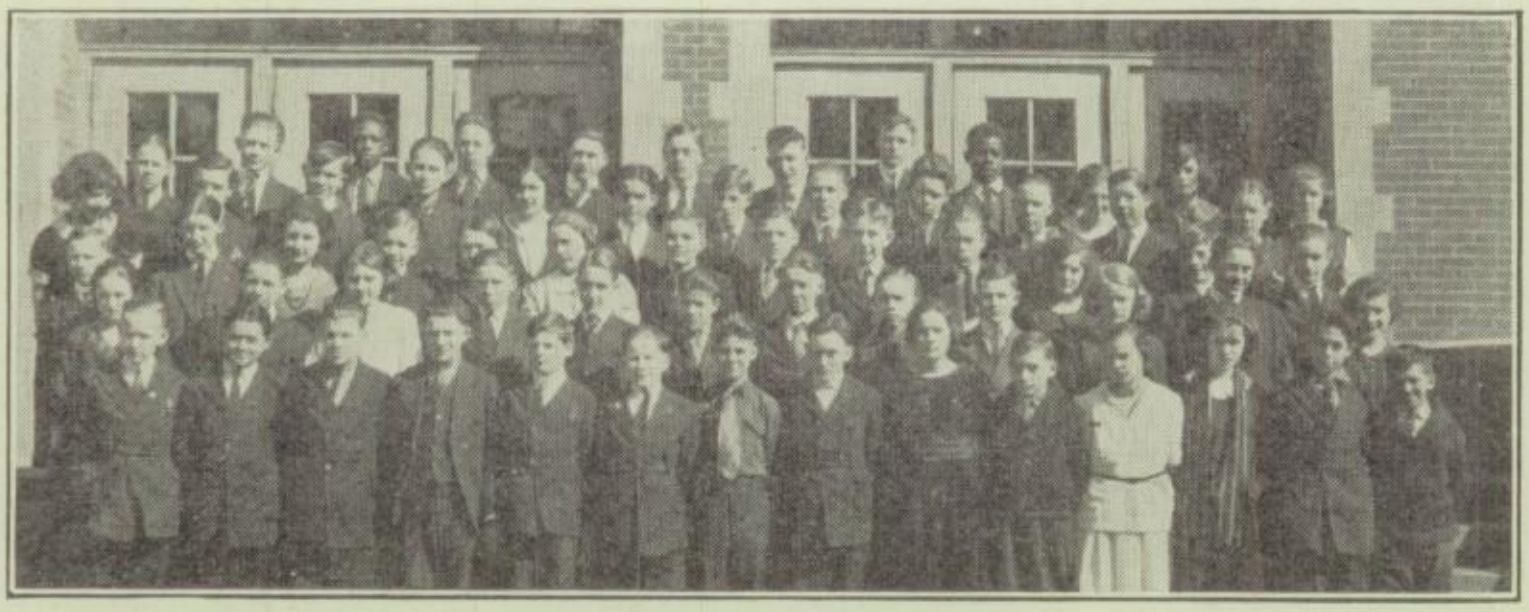
Top Row—Yetter, Fisk, Allfree, Clay, Cox, Vanole, Milligan, Chrisenger, Gray, Case.

Fourth Row—Hicklin, Swain, Jansen, Deignam, Lazarre, Baker, Morris, Jefferson, Thompson, Dildine.

Third Row—Walker, Wilson, Welch, Roderick, Maclaine, Clark, Cronkright, Higdon, Hayne, Pageat, West, Ulm.

Second Row—Page, Powell, Daisy, Lumbard, Lewis, Wright, Burrells, Pates, Stevens, Ewing, Wimer, Nicodemus, Coffield.

Bottom Row—Stewart, Hutchinson, Means, Hansen, Offiniere, Oppenheim, Doziere, Whittington, King, Kohlenbrand, Ross, Nicodemus, Carroll, Holmes.



Top Row—Smith, Hamilton, Brewer, Brown, Pearlman, Wegen, Bass, Simms, Webb, Jacobs, Gay.

Fourth Row—Cambell, Barnes, Eddy, Moeckley, Udell, Parker, Stubbs, Hughs, Sylvester, Philips, A. Scott, Wright, Merrifield.

Third Row—Hydeman, Henderson, Stamper, Fertig, Longshire, E. Scott, L. Andrews, Rogers, Ver Veer, Whitney, Munkooff, Rosenberg, Stump.

Second Row—Thompson, Ford, Nelson, Means, Ward, Gibson, Shananigan, Hesbacker, Thompson, Sarrick, Crouch, Curckshank.

Bottom Row—Spring, Swartz, Steinhemp, Oliver, Daugherty, Anderson, E. Andrews, Strackan, Parvin, Everetts, Stewart, Patterson, Rassler, Wolfson.

Freshmen

Top Row—Carter, Tomlinson, Mr. Sterret, Bernhard, Anderson, Kauffman, Blanchard.

Fourth Row—Bloomcrist, Heath, Howe, Bower, Reed, Stewart, Perry.

Third Row—Johnson, Nunn, King, Shipley, Tracey, Sackett, Timm, Hunt, Legg, Hagan, Black Alexander.

Second Row—Griffith, Pierce, Kendall, Thompson, Miller, Rose Norton, Larsh, Holk, Kennelly, John, Bunker, Hutton.

Bottom Row—Roberta Norton, Lorenz, Holmes, Adler, Lyman, Wilson, Wissler, Dunam, Cave, Lougman, Field, Miller, Schoonover.

Top Row—McKay, Maynard, Hammil, Taepper, Cochexan, Jackson, Mahler, Wiseman, Stanley, Baker, Buchanan, Keating, Cohen.

Fourth Row—Wright, Kopf, Johnson, Habenicht, Atwood, Tibbets, Goodrich, Minnis, Hood, Gillespi, Kennedy, Mandelbaum.

Third Row—Bates, Clark, Ford, Lentz, McKee, Charles, Wallace, Lamas, Davis, Riggs, Green, Schoonover, Peck.

Second Row—Snuggins, Fisher, Irwin, Ennis, Crockett, Carlos, Rosenfield, Smith, Tone, Helborne, Thomas, Guleck, Lyons.

Bottom Row—Frost, O'Keefe, Grosbeck, McKinley, Carrier, Heavern, Rockwell, Spring, Van Benthuysen, Lynde, Creamer, Barton, Vass, Craig.

Freshmen

Top Row—Scoles, Swain, Bredimus, Savage, Rosenfield, Blanc, Fletcher, Woolery, Cook, Proctor, Holton.

Fourth Row—Williams, Clark, Freeberg, Pierson, Ballantyne, Hunnell, Dunagan, Swigert, Snyder, Hamilton, Egermayer.

Third Row—Campbell, Peters, Steickler, Bishop, Hunter, Glass, Thomas, Rolland, Graydon, Rawson, Null, Akes.

Second Row—Kidder, Halsey Groves, Combs, Stewart, Prouty, Fowler, Hall, Baker, Lee.

Bottom Row—Becker, LeVan, Boyt, Pitt, Rooker, Hollanbon, Suffel, Johnston, Glasser, Ashman, Moran, Morrison, Cohen, Porsous.

Top Row—Thompson, Griffin, Ross, Crowell, White, Shear, LeGraff, VanVoorhis, Simms, Houck, Sowers, Jewett.

Third Row—Case, Cox, Lane, Wolf, Leach, McDonnell, Abram, Williams, Boyt, Dixon, Lakin, Bennett.

Second Row—Usher, Sumner, Bowman, McFarland, Tinkol, Davis, Stubbs, Heller, Rae, Du Mont, Sherman, Dufur, Brown, Goph, Williams.

Bottom Row—Ellman, Stevenson, Jacob, Powers, Hunter, Wilkinson, Keithley, Ford, Wenger, Lingenfelter, Quigley, McKenzie, Toombs, Eldred, Schantz.

Tatler Commencement Staff

June 1922.

Editor—Florence Tomlinson
Assistant Editor—Simon Neiman

Seniors.....Eleanor Goodrich, Josephine Gutfreund, Jean MacKinnon
Classes.....Louise Inman, John Blanchard
Dramatics.....Hortense Bernhard
Features.....Marion Lakin, Kathryn Van Meter
Athletics.....Marjorie Mugge
Art.....Emma Huyck
Photographer.....Lester Gates

Business Manager—Addison Wilson

Adv. Mgr.—Ralph Harley
Asst. Adv. Mgr.—Luther Carr
Robert Goodwin
Audbur Evans
Erwin Schenk

Circulation Mgr.—Harold Anderson
Asst. Cir. Mgr.—Alfred Clark
Merlin Carter
Mark Reno
Glen Wallace

Office Secretary—Dorothy Park
Stenographer—Helen Miller

Faculty Advisers

D. C. Sprague, Editorial
J. M. Sterritt, Business
H. T. Steeper, Ex-Officio

Office of publication, Room 95, West High School, Des Moines, Iowa. Entered as second class matter October 19, 1915, at Postoffice at Des Moines, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1979.

Vol. XXIX JUNE, 1922 No. 7

THE TATLER COMMENCEMENT STAFF

ELEANOR GOODRICH

ADDISON WILSON

SIMON NEIMAN

JOSEPHINE GUTIERREZ

MARION LAHN

FLORENCE TOMLINSON

RALPH HANLEY

JEAN McKINNON

HAROLD ANDERSON

DOROTHY PARK

MR. STERRITT

MR. SPRAGUE

VTM

SIMON NEIMAN

The Advertising Contest

In order to stimulate an even greater desire on the part of the advertising men of the Tatler to sell advertising, a contest was arranged. The winner was to be the man selling the largest volume of business for the two Commencement issues. Three prizes were to be awarded: gold, silver, and bronze medals.

The result was that our sales this year showed a decided increase over those of last year. More contracts for both issues were secured, insuring the Tatler of a good June Commencement issue. Friendly rivalry was also produced, which is always a stimulating agent in such a contest.

The winners were not known until the morning upon which the contest closed, and the hot finish for second place was the feature. Ralph Harley received the gold medal for selling $465.30 worth of advertising; Luther Carr was second with $177.00; and Robert Goodwin was third with $155.00. It is worthy of mention that Carr and Goodwin did not start selling until the second issue, overcoming the handicap thus forced upon them.

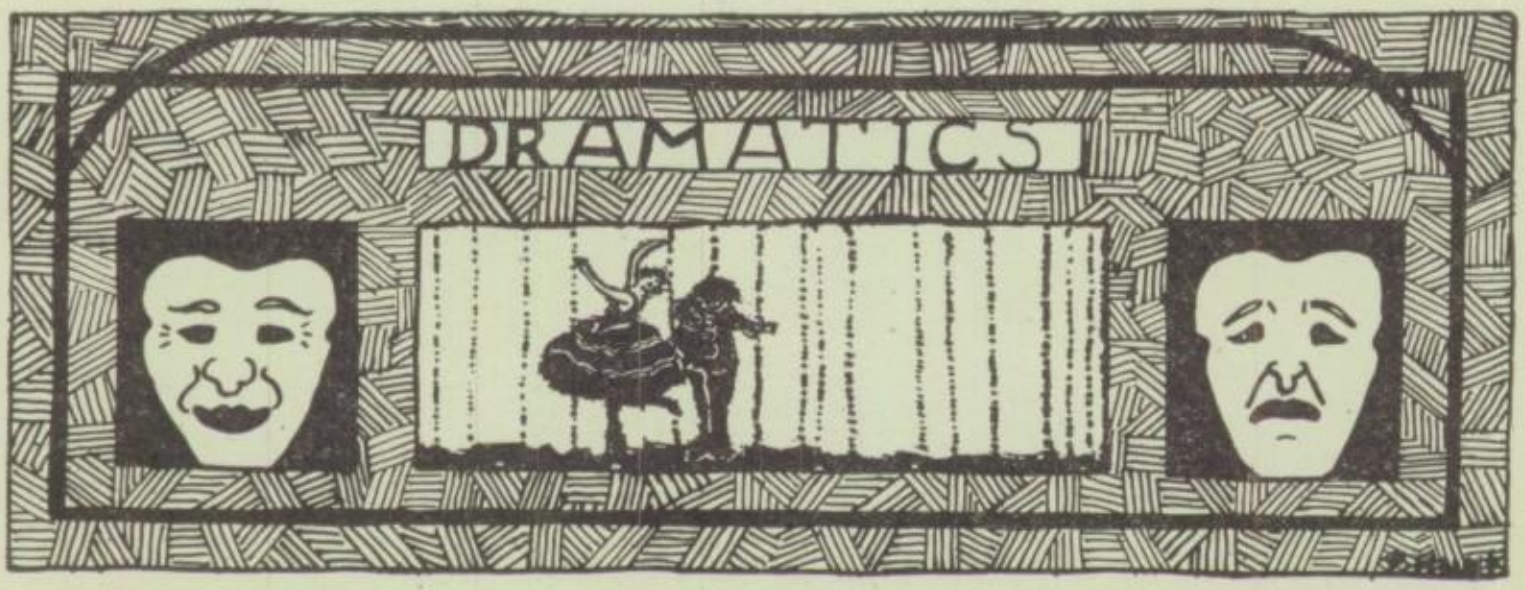
A. W. Wilson, Business Manager.

The Literary Staff

The policy of the Tatler at all times has been to put out an artistic, grammatically correct, and accurate piece of work that is a true representative of West High School. Especial attention, through the guidance of Mr. Sprague, has been paid this year to correct spelling and correct English. No article is hastily written at the last moment as must be done in the case of a weekly, and the editorials are picked from a group of fifty or sixty handed in for a single issue.

Some of the innovations that have added much to the Tatler this year have been the much commented upon Freshman section, written for and by the first year classmen under the guidance of staff members; then the "What I Will for West" section which has given the student body a chance to express their opinions; and the enlarged exchange section which has helped make the book attractive. The cartoons this year have been above the average—there has been no paper coming to the exchange desk with better cartoon work than that of Simon Nieman.

It is with both happiness and regret that the June Commencement issue was finished for it meant the end of the present journalistic regime at West. No person who has worked on more than three issues of the Tatler will return to West High next fall. Our only wish is that the school will support our successors next year in the same way in which they have supported us. May the next year's Tatler be a bigger and better success than ours!


DRAMATICS

Dramatics of 1922

Several Assembly plays of real merit have been given by the three divisions of the Community Players, The Sock and Buskin presenting "Wurzel-Flummery" and "Miss Civilization." Mrs. Dolly Mattison is the adviser. The Garrick Club proved their ability in "Three Pills in a Bottle," directed by Miss Fickel, one of the advisers of the club. The Props, whose adviser is Miss Farley, presented "Nevertheless" and "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil."

The mid-year Senior class play was "Come Out of the Kitchen," which held up the standard of our mid-year plays.

The spring play was "Twig of Thorn," which had a very unique setting. The Sock and Buskin was well represented in the cast. However, a few Garrick members took part.

The June Senior class play was "Friend Hannah." This was a play of similar setting to that of "Twig of Thorn." Mrs. Dolly Mattison directed these productions.

West High feels assured that the year has proved successful dramatically.

Sock and Buskin

"WURZEL-FLUMMERY"

Cast of Characters

Robert Craneshaw, M. P. ..... Robert Thomas
Margaret Craneshaw, his wife ..... Myrna Newell
Viola Craneshaw, his daughter ..... Gail Guile
Robert Mentian, M. P. ..... William Cale
Denis Clifton ..... Randolph Hewitt

Directed by Mrs. Mabel Doll Mattison

"MISS CIVILIZATION"

Cast of Characters

Alice Gardner ..... Adele Schwarz
Reddy ..... Leo Carpenter
Hatch ..... Frances McLaughlin
Harry ..... Fred Olmstead

Directed by Mrs. Mabel Doll Mattison

Spring Play
"Twig of Thorn"

Cast of Characters

Nessa Teig.....Frances Burt
Mangra, her neighbor.....Lodema Young
Ooonah, Nessah's granddaughter.....Julia Carpenter
Aingas Aaras, young peasant.....Richard Thompson
A Wandering Poet.....Alford Scott
A Fairy Child.....Lovilla Northrup
Finula.....Alice Bolton
Kathleen.....Lois Christenson
Sheila.....Jane Jarnigan
Sheamus.....Howard Lyon
Martin.....William Chase
Thomas.....Harry Kuyper

Time: During the Irish famine.

Directed by Mrs. Mabel Doll Mattison

Garrick

"THREE PILLS IN A BOTTLE"

Cast of Characters

Tony Sims.....Wendell Tutt
The Widow Sims, his mother.....Vida Secor
The Middle-aged Gentleman.....William Chase
His Soul.....Kenneth Hartman
A Scissors Grinder.....Dana Reed
His Soul.....James Infelt
Scrubwoman.....Josephine Foster
Her Soul.....Florence Harrington

Directed by Miss Fickel

Props

"SIX WHO PASS WHILE THE LENTILS BOIL"

Cast of Characters

Memory.....Edith Lutz
Prologue.....Isabel Koenneman
Device Bearer.....Mary Allison
You.....Helen Tubbs
Boy.....Rollin Hunter
Butterfly.....Helen Keithly
Queen.....Vivian Campbell
Mime.....Max Putnam
Milkmaid.....Mildred Tyler
Blindman.....Charlotte Dickson
Ballad Singer.....Dorothy Holmes
Headsman.....Axel Berendt

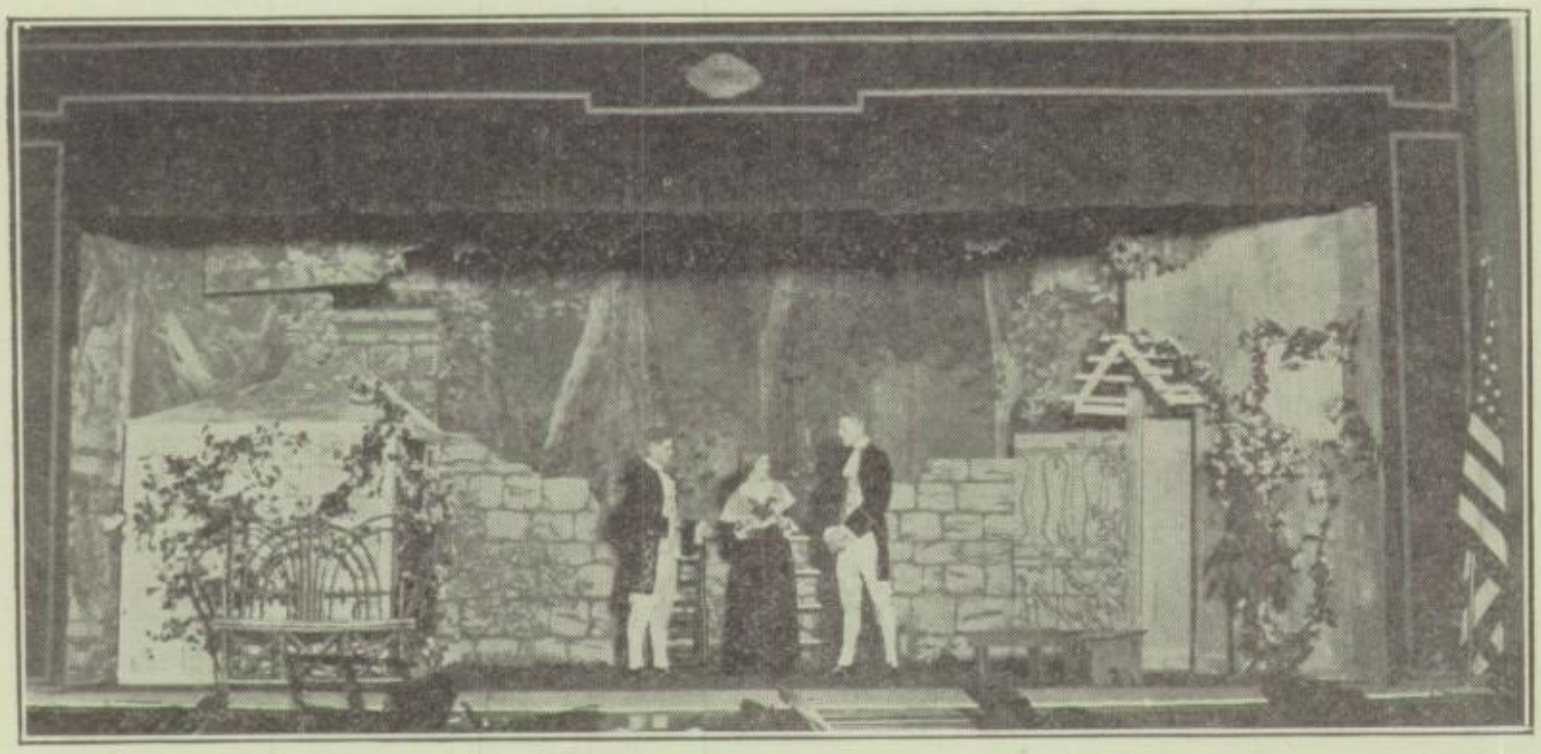
Directed by Miss Farley

"NEVERTHELESS"

Cast of Characters

The Boy.....Howard Lyon
The Girl.....Ruth Eichelberger
The Burglar.....Lawrence Bleasdale
Prologue.....Marguerite Kiskedden
Device Bearer.....Dorothy Woolery

Senior Play



Acts IV and II

"FRIEND HANNAH"

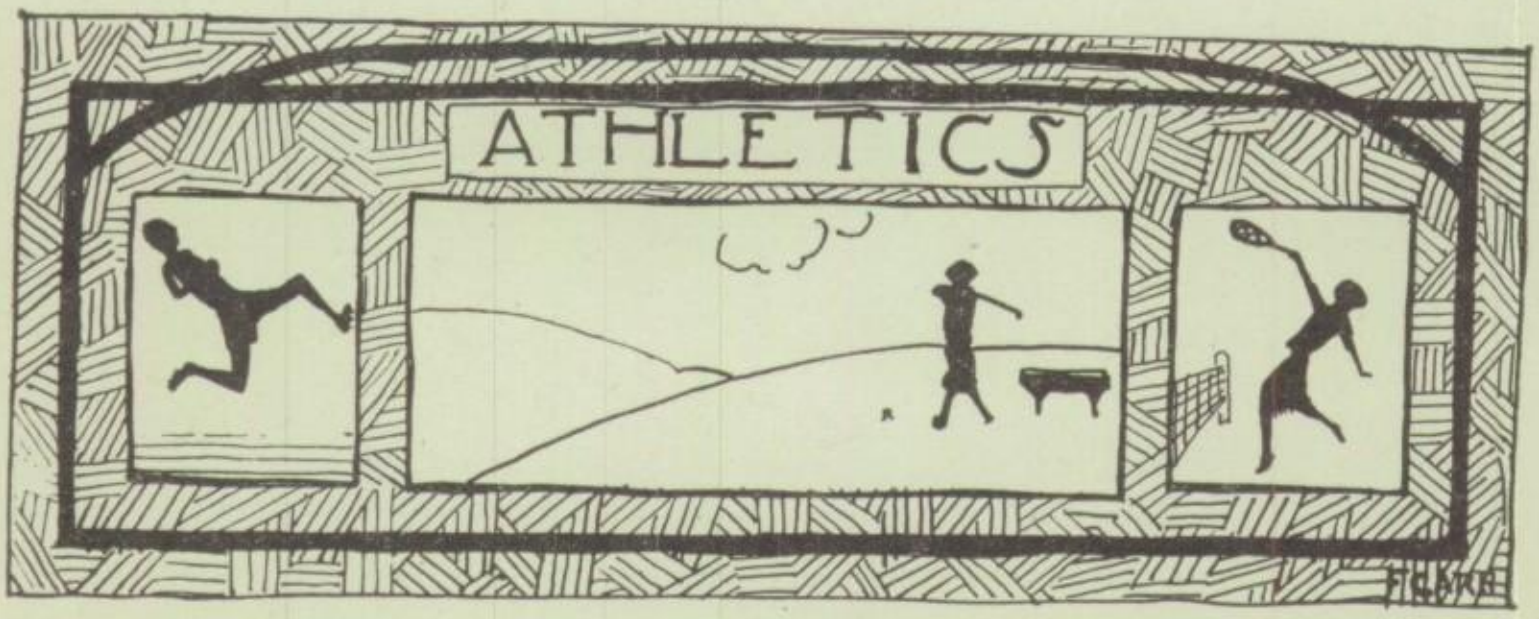
The Cast (in order of appearance)

Hannah Lightfoot.....Alice Neff
Prince of Wales.....La Verne Herring
Betty Trott, maid.....Edith Adams
Margaret Lightfoot.....Hope Wentworth
Thomas Lightfoot.....Norman Moon
Edward, Duke of York.....Parker Meltzer
Duke of Chandos.....Silas Biggs
Lord Dute.....Douglas Smith
Princess Dowager.....Josephine Fairly
Robert Clegg.....Michael Morrisey

Time: England, about 1760.

Directed by Mrs. Mabel Doll Mattison

We feel justified in saying that this Senior play was the best one ever presented in West High. The cast deserves the highest commendation for their worthy talent and support. The acting of Alice Neff and Verne Herring cannot be too highly praised.


ATHLETICS

Track Team

SCHEE

VAN LANINGHAM

CAPTAIN

BROWN

HARLEY

SUMMEY

HORRIGAN

STREIF

DALBY

COON

CLESS

ROTH

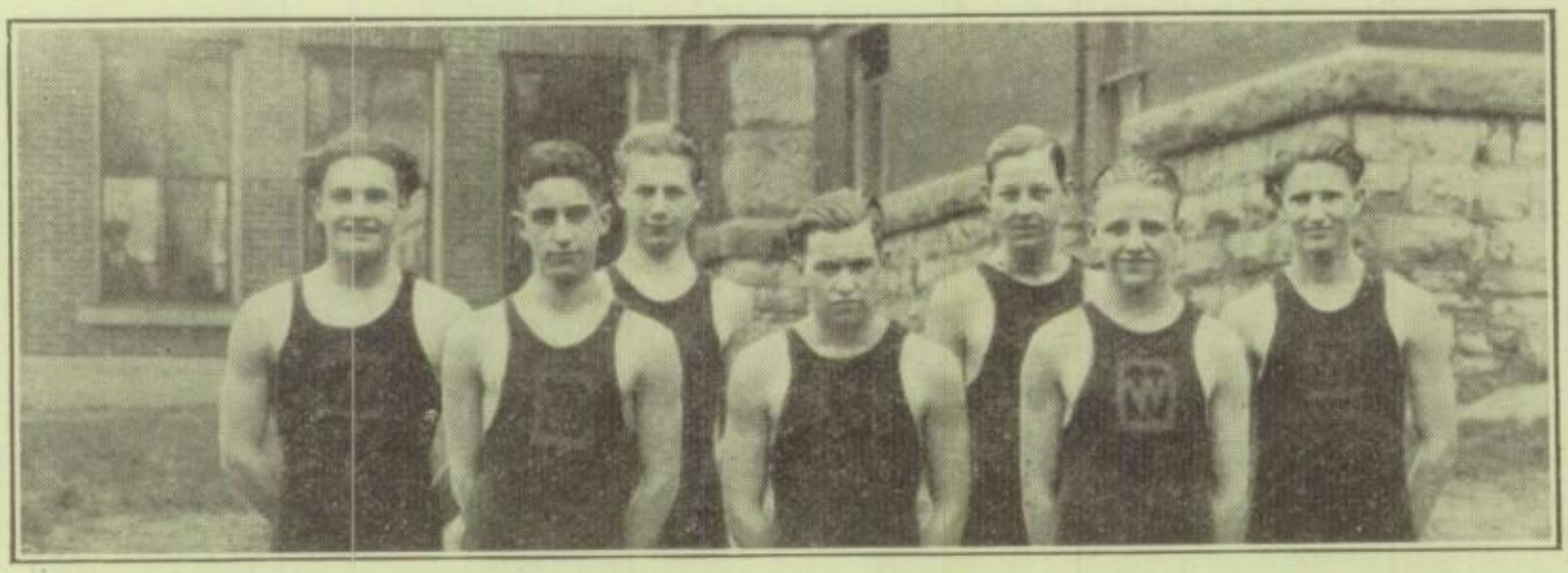
Mc COY

DUSTIN

KEITHLEY

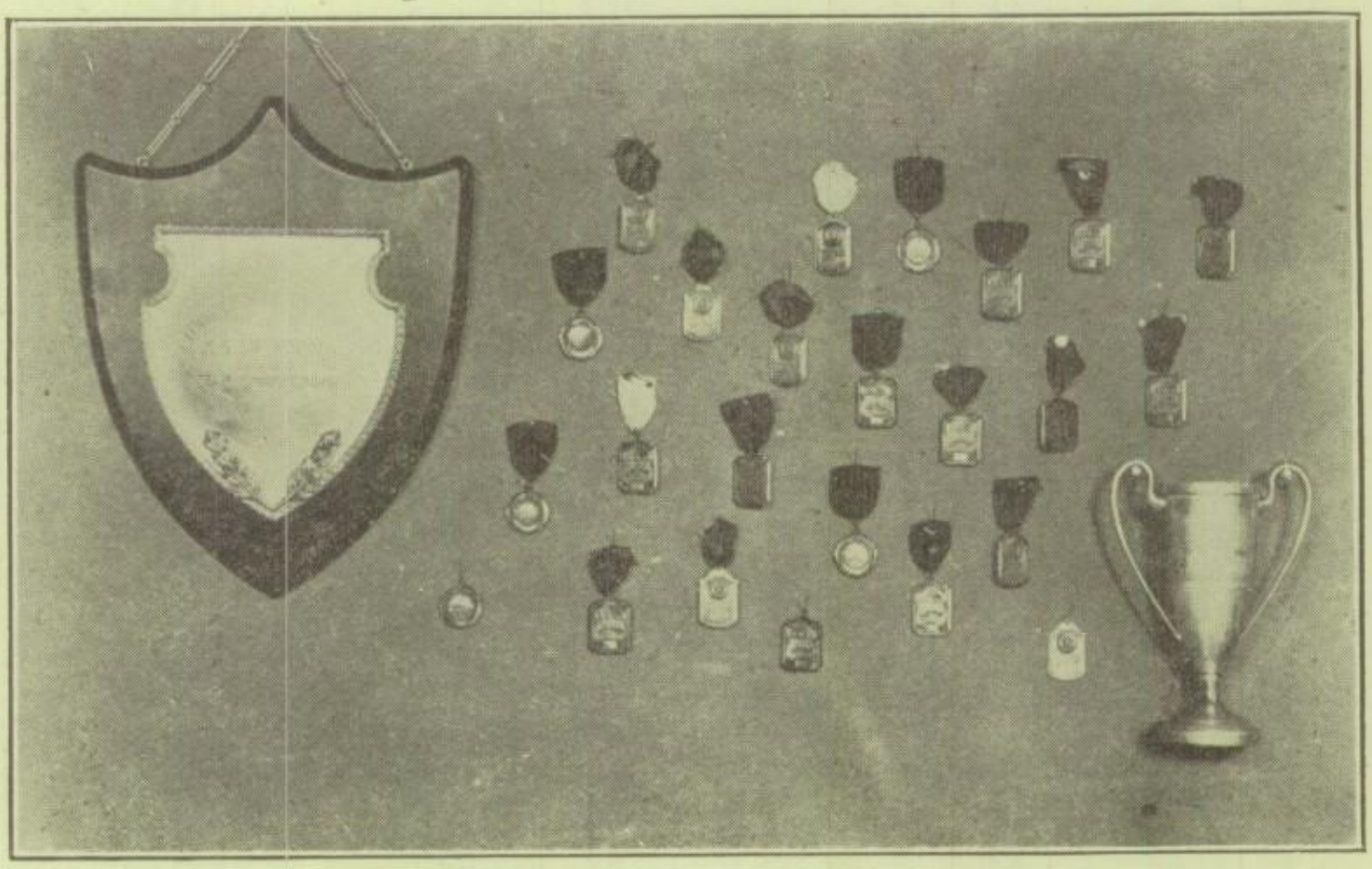
Gates

The Swimming Team

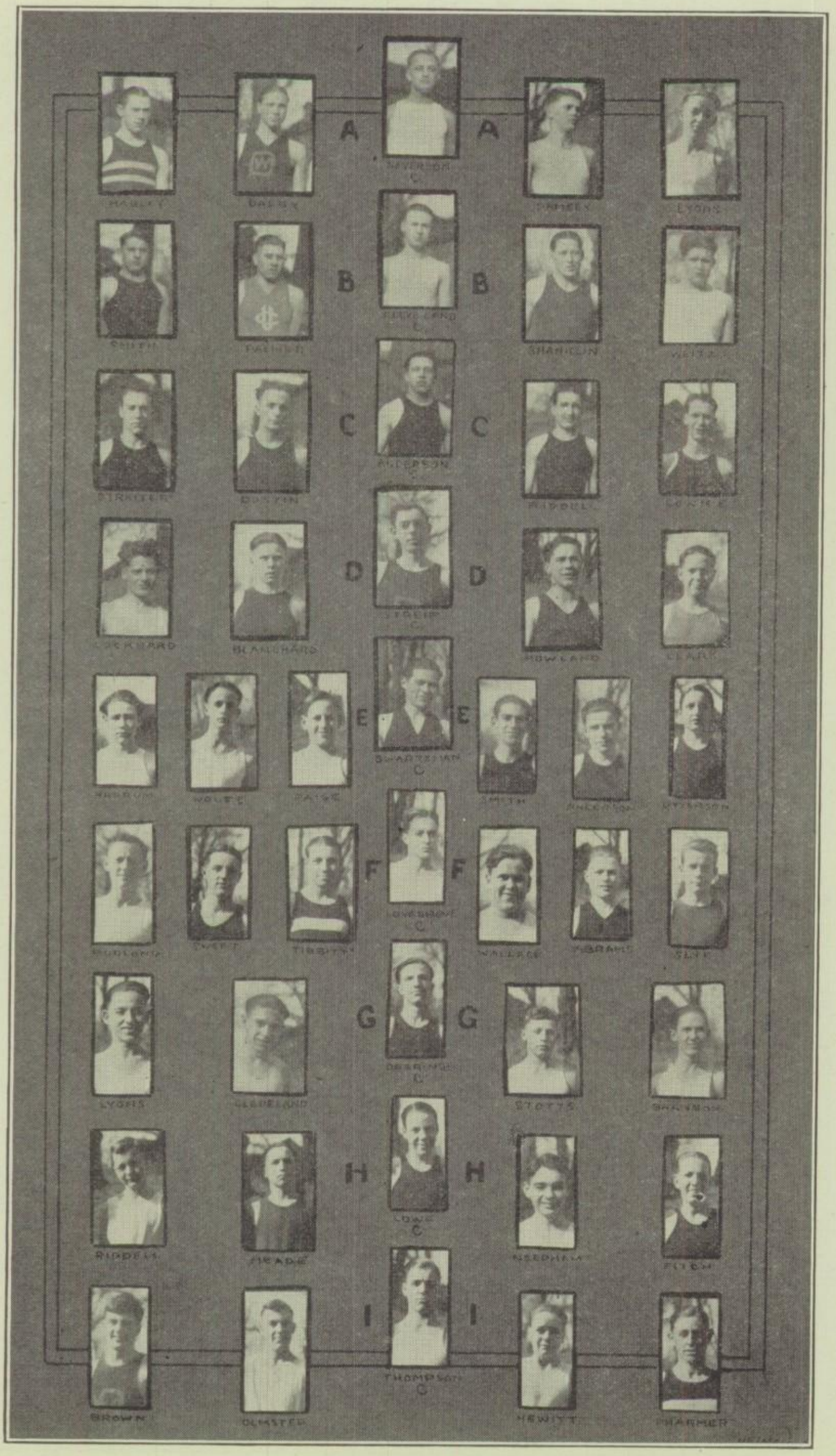


Top Row—Long, Carter, Foster, Killebrew.
Bottom Row—Becker, Ungles, Ihrig.

A Few of the Swimming Medals Won This Year



Basketball Teams



W. H. S. Golf Team

Twice City Champions

Top Row—F. Riddell, Vander Linden, Sprague, Blanchard, Ramsey.
Bottom Row—Tutt, Deering, Fae Riddell, Patrick.

A Typical Girls' Gym Class

McCOY GOES OVER

PASSING THE BATON

SUMMEY IN ACTION

THE START

BUCK WINS THE VAULT

FEATURES

Word Pictures

Homer Ackerly—William Rogers, Harry Lauder, Eddie Boy.
Charles Cownie—Blue eyes, Woolworth building, Hart Schafner & Marx.
Ruth Harwood—Doris, tomboy, knickerbockers.
Milton Coons—Rose complexion, benevolent lion, shy.
Ted Everett—Freckles, frisky, more blue eyes.
William Tones—Chemistry, quiet, early to bed.
Paul Horrigan—Talking machine, Samson, minus a tooth.
Helen Leamer—Popular, Sunday School, comely.
Walter Swain—Big feet, two-year-old colt, friendly.
John Dustin—Curly hair, gold tooth, draft horse.
Raymond Boyd—Dancer, keen observer, brown hair.
Edwin Hewitt—Playful, Hi-Y, kiddish.
Duard Sexton—Latin shark, Sir Isaac Newton, teacher's delight.
Wallace Barlow—Four ones, bass drum, little boy.
Frances Sloan—St. Louis, Homer Lyons, spit curl.
Silas Biggs—Noise, smiles, 2 a. m.
Martha Richardson—Dates, blonde, baby talk.
Kathryn Kivits—Music, Mennens, men.
Marjorie Moore—Norma Talmadge, Harold Teachout, bobbed hair.
Elsie Amend—Pep, Pete, Ray Boyd.
Julia Carpenter—Junior Schee, simple country maid, Okoboji.
Marie Schuler—Bobbed hair, brown eyes, dancing.
Eva Head—Brains, Joe's sister, studious.
Johnny Haas—New Nash, Si Biggs, Kathryn Kivits.

Flash

One bright MORNING a SAVAGE SCHEE'd across the country in search of MOORE adventure. All at once he CROUCHED LOWE and as a LYON passed he gave a HOWELL and scared the LYON to death. He was hungry, so he caught a HERRING and said it was not WRIGHT to eat, so he caught a CUNNINGHAM. After dinner he remarked it was the best he had EVERETT. He saw a couple of HICKS and asked them a RIDDELL. One replied he was a teacher, but would like to TEACHOUT doors. The other one sat on DE BORD and said "Noe." He went home in a WHITE FORD, passing a couple of BARNES along the way.

Faculty of the Central High School
Valley Junction, Iowa

For Year Commencing September 3, 1941

Principal—Charles Cownie, D. D.
Assistant Principal—Richard Thompson.
Secretary—Jean Bramhall.
Physics—Wallace Barlow.
Mathematics—Donald Kauffman.
English—Dorothy Stokely.
Latin—Eleanor Goodrich.
History—Agnes Krarup.
Chemistry—Robert Fatherson.
Journalism—Florence Tomlinson.
Coach—Charles Everett.
Trainer—John Duston.
Music—Katherine Kivits.
Art—Helen Wallett.
Dramatics—Helen Crouch.
Custodian—Harold Teachout.
Janitors—James Mills, Lester Scoles, Frederick Risser.
Gymnasium (Boys)—Herman Stieper.
Gymnasium (Bogies)—Charles Vander Linden.
Swimming—Willis Gill.
Radio—Don Usher.
Doorman—Norman Moon.
Nurses—Lida Ashman, Lucius Andrew.

Debates

Have you ever attended one of those contests called debates, where the Radiana Debating Club and the Fullawindia Literary Society try to decide the question, "Resolved, That the U. S. Should Undertake to Extensively Cultivate the Milkweed in Order to Augment the Present Supply of Condensed Milk."

Each side starts out very politely and calls the other side "worthy opponents," but before they get through they call them more vile and suggestive epithets than are heard even at girls' basketball games.

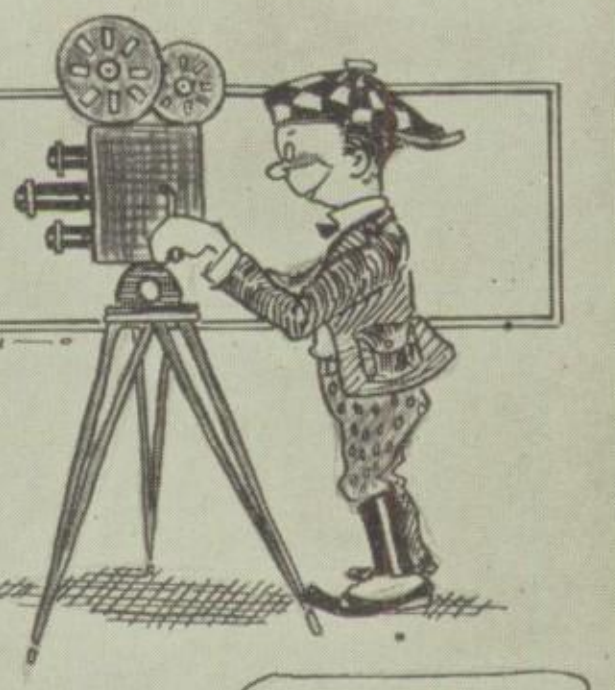
And then they commence giving authorities, Oscar Nositt says, "This is on page 65, 781 of the Sunday School Times," or "I found this in the Encyclopedia Britannica, page 6478, canto 21."

Not to be outdone, the other side comes back with Webster's Dictionary or the Bible. As no one has ever read the latter, the point goes undisputed.

So on—until the rebuttals, when each side has the chance to call the other prevaricators, kleptomaniacs or anything just so they use polite language. The side which is able to call the worst names usually wins.

OUR OWN MOVIES.

—NEIMAN—



ACTION!

A HALL STAR!

(Note the Ingenue Pose)

—STOP THIEF!

Golf

Half the world is ignorant of golf, one-quarter thinks it plays golf, and a meager one per cent makes the course close to par.

The idea in golf is to drive a rubber ball costing a dollar into a river and curse for twenty minutes. It is also the thing to yell "Fore" at intervals (which in the King's English means "Get the pole out of the way.") (This four has got something to do with the foursomes, but that is too technical for the average player to understand.)

More money can be lost at golf than in any other form of walking.

The players all carry hockey clubs in their bags to hit the little balls with. Their chief trouble lies in connecting with the ball.

Golf has sometimes been connected with lockers and private stocks, but that is due to the Scotch origin of the game.

Other variations of the pastime are African golf, indoor golf and barnyard golf. However, the chief social effect of the game is the golf widow.

Practical Mabel

Mabel is our engineer,
I tell you, boys, she's there!
She learned her trade by using
'Lectric curlers on her hair.
She's brave as any hero
When she's near machinery. Why,
She never bats an eyelash
When an auto passes by.

Yes, she's ready and she's rough
(But I don't believe she's tough)
As she runs her small Corona
You can hear her pant and puff.
And she can
Run a fan
Just as well as any man,
She's our terrible, ripsnortin' engineer.

Ex.

Kid Day

OUR SAND PILE

'OO BAD BOY!

LEAP FROG

LITTLE BOY BLUE

PLAYIN' FER KEEPS

NEIMAN-o

Ballad of the Profiteer

He was a bold, bounding Profiteer,
  By far the worst of his breed;
He was cold, and shrewd, and clever, too,
  "Get every nickel," his creed.

He sold the public soothing syrup,
  He sold them dynamite,
And also shoes with paper soles;
  His methods were a fright.

His profits grew, and grew, and grew,
  But not satisfied was he.
He said, "The public still has geld
  That must belong to me!"

He brought his line of shoddy goods,
  And placed them on his shelf.
Poor, unsuspecting people bought,
  And massaged his palms with pelf.

One day he took a strip of tin,
  Attached it to a board,
With nails he added four large spools,
  And sold it for a Ford.

But, alas and alack, this was too much,
  For people tired of his sport;
They raised a terrible hue and cry
  And hustled him into court.

The judge pointed to the jury
  And said, "Now these twelve gents
Have found you awful guilty,
  So we fine you thirty cents."

A Wireless Interview

One clear moonlight night I was sending out my call on a powerful radio set when to my surprise H E 2 L answered, inquiring with whom I wished to speak. I had been reading a tale of the Caribbean and so without a moment's thought replied, "Connect me with the great Captain Kidd."

In a second the answer came back, "The captain has been over at Julius Caesar's pool hall arguing about Einstein's theory of relativity all afternoon, but an ambulance just left for that address, so the argument must be over. Yes, here comes the captain now!"

After a wait of a few seconds that seemed hours, my receiver began to buzz again and a noise like dynamite exploding accompanied by a sharp crackling came to my ears. The captain had my wave length.

"Hello, Cap, how's the old Kidd?" I ventured timidly, feeling none too safe even at the distance.

"Don't Kidd me," was his answer, coming as from a blast furnace.

"I say, Cap, are you happy? Are you having a good time?" was my next question.

"Well, at any rate we're having a hot time," he thundered back. A smell of brimstone seemed to fill the room.

After a few generalities the captain drifted off to what was nearest his heart.

"At one time," he reminisced, "I was the best little pirate that ever carried a union card. Why, I could yank more boodle in an hour than most fatheads pull down in a lifetime. When it came to graft! Oh, boy, everyone knows I was in a class by myself." Then his voice became less booming and I imagined I detected tears in his fiery speech. "But it's all over now, those American profiteers make me look like a piker. Just wait until I meet one down here—I'll show him a hot time, all right."

Alas, at this point his voice was cut off by an announcement via the landlord's radio that after June 1st my rent would be increased 200%. Thinking hard, I went to bed praying that I might be present when hearty old Captain Kidd meets that landlord.

I don't feal like ritin a vurse or rime,
For the Tatler or eny-thing elce to-day,
I ain't got no ambishun at all, for you see
I've been studyin correct english from
Ward, so, good-day.

Saturday Morn

Arose betimes, and breakfasted, remembering the while an engagement with ye jovial feature editor to visit the domestic haunts of certain of our learned professors. Rode right merrily together with diverse members of ye Tatler Staff, in ye chariot of one Brother Kauffman, whose manipulations of ye steering apparatus were a joy to see, albeit the speed with which we journeyed would have interested one Chief Hammond.

Arrived in due time at ye habitation of ye Professor Meier, the which found engaged in ye gentle pastime of massaging ye window panes.

Exchanged ye time of day with ye highly domesticated prof., and so away to ye suburbs, the where found ye farmlet of our much beloved Professor Eastman. Dodged with good grace ye belligerent watchdog, and inquiring right merrily of one flaxen haired Miss as to ye whereabouts of ye honored Sire, were directed with right good speed and many smiles to ye back yard, in which place did find ye renowned exponent of Boyle's Law deeply engrossed in ye highly entertaining problem of burning ye last summer's stubble.

Declined with right good grace ye kindly offer to make visit with ye colony of ambitious bees, albeit ye renowned Prof. did assure that said insects were of a most docile temper.

And so away to ye domicile of his Most Honored Sir, one DeWitt Sprague. Found his highness indulging in his forenoon calisthenics, in which ye house broom featured prominently. Were favored with a demonstration of ye newest golf stances, until ye good Professor did chance to spy through ye window ye eagle eye of one Dame Sprague, at which much dust was made to fly by aforementioned broom.

Again dodging away to ye domicile of ye Maestro Robeson, the who found engaged in domestic scullery labor, for which had attired himself right handsomely in one kitchen apron. Were received most royally, as was also true when arrived at ye home of one Professor Goodell, the who, clad in ye gum boots, was pruning ye embryo grape vine.

Departed thence, cursing right healthfully ye Iowa loam, the which would take ye carriage tires into ye fond embrace.

And so in good time, and after much painstaking search, becoming lost in the wilds of ye grand village, did arrive at ye estate of ye most nobly exalted High Vice Principal, Sire Weeks, the where were greatly rejuvenated by numerous draughts of cold water, the which accepted with right good haste and profuse thanks.

And so away and to dine, reflecting the while that ye Saturday morn finds even ye celebrities do live much as we commons.

SATURDAY MORN

Interviews with Senior Play Cast

By Bughouse Fables

THE LEADING LADY

I knocked at the door of her flat, but the landlady told me that the star had just been thrown out into the street because of a dispute over a bill. I found the idol of the drama-lovers sitting on the curb powdering her black eyes.

"I suppose you want an interview?" she said in her usual nonchalant manner.

She picked herself up from the curb just as a rivulet from a sprinkling wagon flowed into the sewer.

"No," I said, remembering how difficult this actress was to interview. "No, I just wanted to borrow a match."

And in my embarrassment I pushed her off the curb.

THE LEADING MAN

I found him in the park in which he lived smoking a hay-tipped Benson-Camel cigarette. When he saw me approach, he reached under the bench and pulled out a dressing gown which he donned and rose to greet me.

I told him my desire for an interview and he smiled the smile of one who is not afraid to stoop to such things.

"We shall have more privacy behind this bush," he said, motioning me to a bench on which a policeman was sleeping.

We lifted the officer gently from the bench and laid him quietly on the ground. The great actor no sooner began to tell me the story of his triumphs than the policeman awoke and recognized the leading man, who bade me good-bye and started out for his morning jog in the park with the officer a good second.

THE VILLAIN

He was sitting in his boudoir drinking a dark fluid which I learned later was Root-Beer.

"Are you the villain in the show?" I queried.

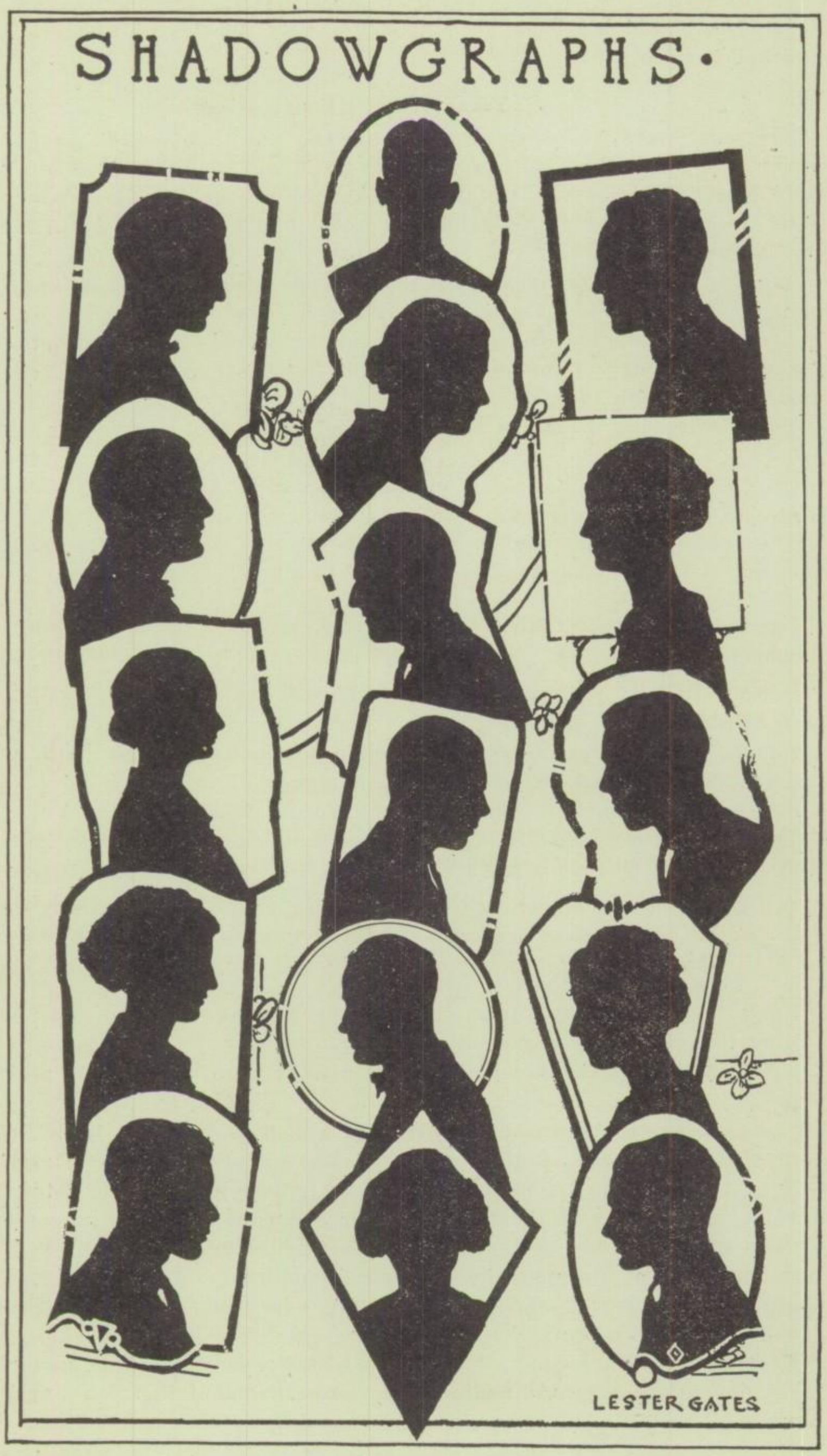
"Oh, gracious, yes," he said, showing me his teeth which were on the mantel with his black moustache.

"I hear you're a bad actor," I continued.

With this the man broke down into sobs.

"I know I'm no Arthur Vinton, but you shouldn't make fun of me,"

(Continued on page 102)


SHADOWGRAPHS·
LESTER GATES

(Continued from page 100)

he said and laid his head on my buzum. My heart was touched, I knocked him out.

THE INGENUE

She must have heard me coming, for she put the cocktail shaker under the poker chip box, jumped on the divan, and began reading the Children's Hour. As I entered she gracefully held out her lovely hand to me. I hung my hat and coat upon it and got out my pad for the interview.

"You mustn't publish the scandal about my brother being a blackmailer," she implored. I promised to keep it an absolute secret.

"And you must give me your word that you won't say a word about my plans to marry Douglas Smith or of father's arrest in the local murder case," she begged.

There was such a ring of sadness in her voice that I gave her my absolute word that no one should know or suspect such things, for the little actress' mother had done washing for our family in Valley Junction.

The young lady then told me her story, but due to strict censorship it cannot be published here.

Bear Fax

If what you did yesterday still looks big to you, surely you haven't done much today!

Life is like a cafeteria. You must help yourself to the good things you see. Nobody will come around and take your order.

"We are not what we think we are. We are what we think."

Those addicted to fast living sooner or later exceed the need limit.

"Put and Take" isn't always a gamble. Sometimes it a sure thing. When you **put** more effort into your work, you'll **take** more profit out of it.

"Wise cracks" often fall on barren ground, but kind words never fail to take root and flourish.

Don't judge a person's popularity by the number of people on his calling list. Remember the bill collector.

A Freshman may be green, but he is usually blue if he gets a pink slip.

"As a man readeth, so he thinketh; as a man thinketh, so he is."

In high school, one studies to acquire knowledge and also to learn how to think, how to digest, analyze and assimilate information. Study develops and increases the mental power and capacity. Many people believe that the study period of life ends when school days are over; that studies are a preparation for work, and that when one gets a position in the world, her study days are over. But that is the beginning of the application of one's education.

East High has a snappy, live business staff; we noticed an undertaker deemed it worth while to run an advertisement in their March issue.

Just Snaps

S.N. —— C

"I AM THE PICTURE OF POISE"

— THE THREE DIMENSIONS

ST. LOUIS BLUES

"JO"

SIR WALTER UP TO DATE

WHERE'S BOB?

Stenographic Report Taken of Five Minute's Conversation at an Average Track Practice

"I am going to get a monogram, bughouse fables."

"Hope the coach don't give us too stiff a workout. I told F——— I'd take her to the Orpheum tonight. That won't be breaking any rules, will it, coach?"

"Here, Al, you're not getting at it right. Put your right leg over first like this. Your right leg. Say, I said your right leg. The one you write with."

"I'd stay out if I could run as good as Chuck Coons does."

"How's that leg feel tonight, Harley?"

"Stretch out, Killebrew, this isn't a walking race."

"Hey, coach, got any tape?"

"If some of these long-legged birds had half of Buck's energy old Charley Paddock would be given a back seat."

"Are we going to get a rub-down tonight, Mr. Harris?"

"Speaking of rub-downs, Bill, don't you dare tickle my stomach the next time or it will be good-by, William."

"Hey, Amend, where's your pants?"

"That's good. Now you and Chuck limber up a little, don't take it hard, just easy, there's plenty of time."

"Heads up. If Heinie ever hits you with that discus he's slinging around you'll wake up in a warmer climate."

"He can't run or anything—they ought to have put him in the Senior class play."

"Say, coach, if I run the 'hundred' in ten flat, will the school buy me a pair of spikes?"

"That's a good one, Mort."

"Come on, now, everyone run around once—" and conversation lags for a few minutes.

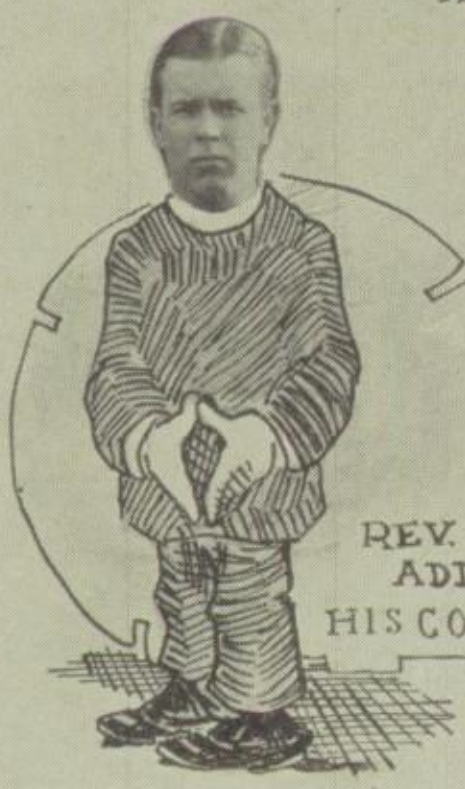
Fool's Paradise

By Egg Nogg

The most delightful feeling in the world is to reach into your pocket and find a broken egg. The next move is to pick out fragments of the egg unconsciously and throw it at the first object seen which looks as though it may be the possible offender. If the egg hits the mark the excitement starts immediately. If it misses, it may hit someone else, but it still causes excitement. If it misses all humans, it lights on the wall or floor and stays there. Draw your own conclusions.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE—

WE'LL HEAR THAT—



REV. CONNOR ADDRESSES HIS CONGREGATION

DUARD SEXTON THE FAMOUS ARTIST PAINTS A PORTRAIT -

JIMMIE INFELT HUNTS WILD ANIMALS IN AFRICA

MANAGER

OUR DOROTHY PARK NOW BOSSES HER OWN COMPANY

WALLACE BARLOW IS NOW MAYOR (OF Grimes)

—NEIMAN—

'22

King Leir

(The story from which Shakespeare took his King Leir)

Translated out of the original English by Proxy

Leir: "Where is Gloucester?"

Cordelia: "Why, sir, he was going to jump off of a cliff, but it was just a bluff. How is the steak, M'lord?"

Leir: "So young and so untender. Say, Cordie, Edgar is nutty about you."

Cord: "He thinks me a flapper, as are my two cistern, Goneril and Regan; and besides, I don't want any man crazy about me. Poor Tom's a nut."

(Enter Kent disguised as an insurance salesman.)

Leir: "Where the *?!; are my collar buttons?"

(Now comes the famous curse of King Leir.)

Leir: "Piffle!"

Cord: "Tommyrot, father; you should not cuss thusly."

Kent: "I have some nice twenty-year policies that—"

Leir: "That looks like the royal chauffeur that I bounced last week! Who are you?"

Kent: "A barber, sir."

Leir: "Singe my white head! Where is France?"

Cord: "In Europe, silly thing."

Leir: "I must see Albany."

Cord: "The only thing there is the state capitol. I'd much rather stay in New York and see some live shows."

Edgar: "Gloucester has fallen for Regan and she has his eye now. Edmund is dead, I stabbed him in the moat."

(Enter Kansas cyclone. Edgar and Cordelia exit, flourish, cheek to cheek. Exit Leir with chorus of 100 knights singing, "Ain't Nature Grand?")

(Enter Cordelia on crutches with a broken heart.)

Cord: "Albany is dead."

Leir: "So is Des Moines."

(Cordelia dies R. C. Leir dies with flourish against left tormentor. Enter bathing beauty chorus singing, "I've Got the King Leir Blues, But I'm Just Too Mean to Die.")

Sir Noah Lot

In the days of long ago
  When Knighthood was in style
Lived a Knight, Sir Noah Lot,
  Known for many a mile.

He had for his love a lady fair,
  A beautiful maid to see,
Called by all Felicia Rose,
  The flower of love was she.

His heart was lost to this farmer lass,
  But hers was cold to him;
She doted on a farmer bold
  By name of Samuel Flynn.

Strong was his arm and warm his heart,
  Cold was his common sense,
But otherwise Sir Samuel
  Had not a dozen pence.

Yet Felicia did but ridicule
  The affections of this Knight;
She did not like his iron clothes,
  Nor care to see him fight.

His castle was too cold and dark,
  She scorned his wealth as well;
Her father on our Knight did smile,
  She clung to Samuel.

One morning in the early spring,
  Amid the waving grain,
The rival suitors they did meet
  While coming down the lane.

Then bold Sir Noah drew his sword,
  Felt of its rusty edge,
And slashed a slash at Samuel
  That mowed ten feet of hedge.

(Continued on page 108)

(Continued on page 111)

It really was a vicious blow
And even split the air,
But when it came to Samuel,
Samuel was not there.

So strong and forceful was his stroke,
Brave Sir Noah Lot arose,
Turned three successive somersaults,
And landed on his nose.

Samuel had his wits with him,
For he had cut a stick
Five times as long as his right arm
And e'en almost as thick.

Then though this Knight was well dress'd up
The farmer dressed him down,
He made the Knight so black and blue,
He was quite done up brown.

Then away strode our bold Samuel
And hurried up the lane,
Right to his lover's window ledge,
And tapped upon the pane.

"Come forth, dear heart, you are my own,
Come, we must go away,
You'll married be, my love, to me
By the friar, yet today.

"Go tell the foolish father
To forget his angry pride,
To welcome home his son-in-law,
And give away his happy bride."

Josephine Gutfreund.

A Close-up

Photographer: "Do you wish this picture large or small?"

He: "Small, please."

Photographer: "Please close your mouth, then."

Our Advertisers

99 44/100% Pure—Randolph Hewitt.
A skin you love to touch—Norman Moon.
Save the surface and you save all—Some girls' faces.
Cover the earth—Ed Ramsey's feet.
It identifies you—Cownie's height.
The more you eat the more you want—Cafeteria soup.
Have one at night, you'll feel better in the morning—A date with Marjorie Everett.
Say it with flowers—Opinions of teachers.
Quality, not quantity—Buck Brown.
Rock of Ages—West High.
A name known around the world—Bill Wiseman.
There's a reason—For flunks.
It floats—Heinie Weitz.
His master's voice—Mr. Steeper.
Soup to nuts—Merlin Carter.
Made in America—Jazz.
It's safe—To bluff some teachers.
Guarantee satisfaction—A date with H. Crouch.
One a day keeps the doctor away—Sack of pop corn.
Wide for comfort—The back seat of Dale's car.
Have you a little fairy in your home?—Katherine Shantz.
Hasn't scratched yet—Elsie Amend.
At your disposal—Irene Keefner.
Efficient public service—Janitors.
Given absolutely free—A "Five."

The Tatler's Page for the Fair Sects

Young Man in Dire Straits

Stirring Letter Received by Priscilla Needlecraft

My Dear Miss Needlecraft:

I do hope you can help me, I am at my wit's end. Yesterday morning while walking along the fashionable third floor I actually saw a young lady of great beauty I had never seen before! I have gone to West four years and I don't understand how I could have overlooked anything. Now, Miss Needlecraft, how can I get this girl to pay attention to me?

Dick.

ANSWER OF MISS NEEDLECRAFT

Dear Dick:

Your letter has touched my heart, but it seems to me it wasn't a very long distance to your wit's end. Now, Richard, in order to get her just try sprinkling a little gasoline on your coat and stand in smelling distance of the young lady.

What Your Hand Reveals

By Virginia Hubbell

E. F.—This hand shows that you have great adaptability to become a real estate agent. In fact, I believe you have enough of soil on hand to start a farm immediately.

G. H.—There must be a mistake somewhere; according to your life line you should have died several years ago.

Cheer Up, Girls! There's Hope

There are 13,000,000 bachelors in the United States according to the latest U. S. Weather reports.

Wiseman's Bedtime Stories

Sin-Dictated by Wm. O. Wiseman

Bobbed Hair, or Guaranteed to Put You Asleep

Bobbed hair is an average between long hair and a bald head. It generally comes through shear carelessness.

It is not to be laughed at, though it always tickles anyone close enough. It has an advantage over long hair in that it will wave in the wind. Long hair has to be waved in a beauty shop.

There are two kinds of bobbed hair, light and dark. The light-haired ones are generally pretty and are good singers. The dark-haired ones are prettier still.

In conclusion I'll say the blonde type are very light headed.

His Wife's Daughter's Great Aunt

Perpetual Human Interest Story

It was 6:30 P. M. and the great metropolitan office building was practically empty. Yes, practically, but not quite, for Harry Brent still lingered in his copious inner office with the new stenographer.

"I want to take you out to supper," he said. Then moving his

(Continued on page 111)

HIS WIFE'S DAUGHTER'S GREAT AUNT

(Continued from page 110)

chair a little closer he continued: "We can go to a show, too. I'll call up the wife and fix it with her."

"Couldn't suit me better, Mr. Brent," answered the stenog, lighting a cigarette.

"Oh, don't call me MR. Brent, my name is Harry," said the boss gently but firmly.

"All right, Harry, but say, where can I get a shave before we eat?" inquired the young man.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Brain Ticklers

By Joe Brindley

Answer this in two minutes:

If I boy with I Ford asks I girl for I date and I boy with I Packard asks the same girl for the same date and the girl goes with the first boy, has she dyed or is she naturally light-headed?

Household Hints

From the Steal Workers' Journal

Do not leave your iron connected after finishing ironing. It heats the house so.

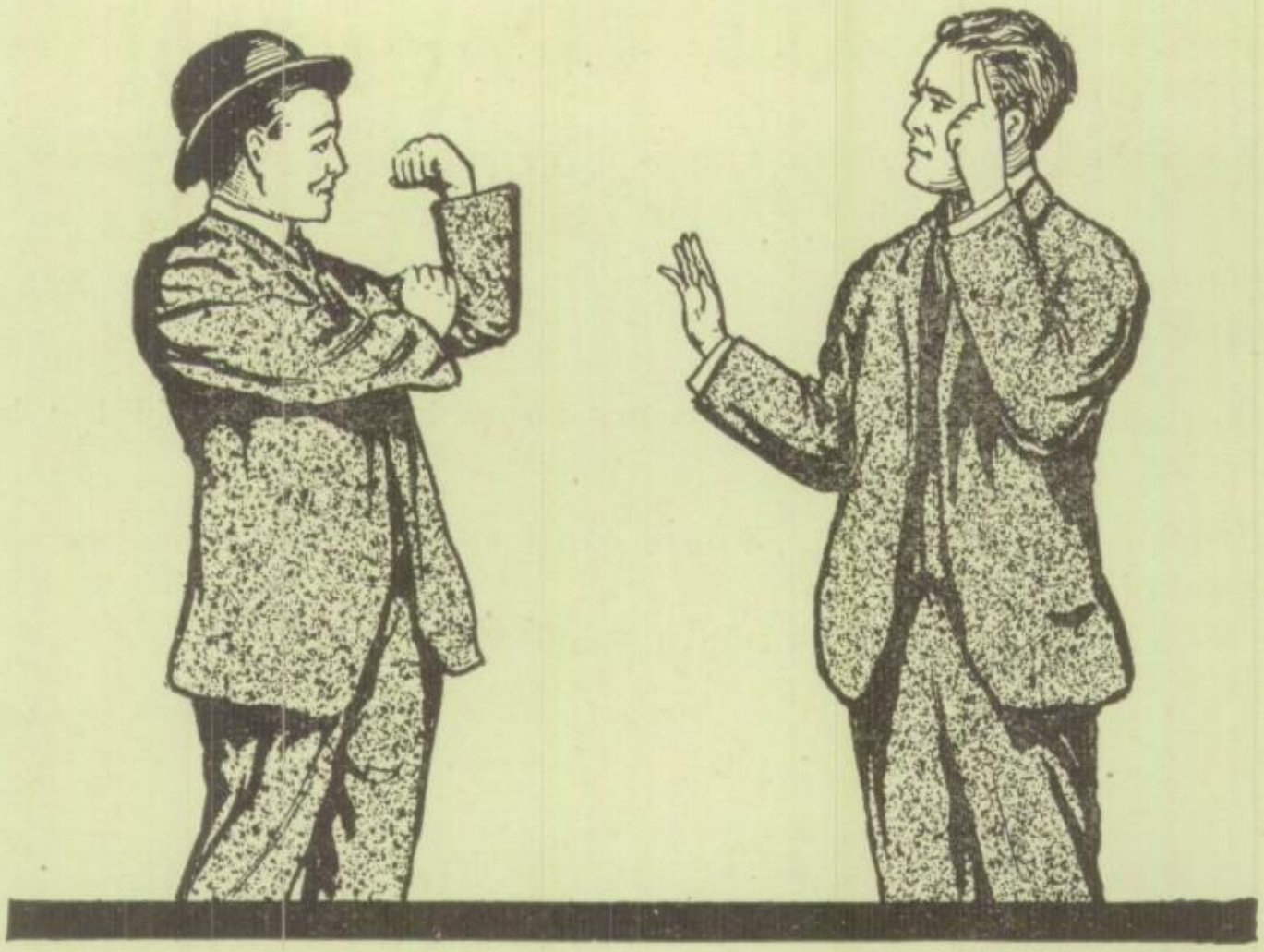
Nitro-glycerine has been known to remove stains and spots.

A dash of cayenne pepper will help put the pep in anything.

If an egg is hit with a hammer the shell will usually break open.

Society Note

A quiet little wedding took place at the home of Harris Mackintosh when the famous West High lovers whose engagement had long been rumored were joined in holy wedlock by the Right Reverend Dr. Leonard Albrecht, assisted by Haven Barclay. To the sweet strains of "Just Before the Battle, Mother," the high contracting parties marched under the kitchen clock and the impressive ring ceremony was gone through with after the bridegroom was able to find the ring. The blushing bride was clad in a gown by Garver's Hardware Co. and carried a beautiful bouquet of artificial flowers. The bridegroom wore the conventional black. Among the many guests were Herman Stieper, Donald Usher, Margaret Winkler, James Keithley, Russell Lewis, Bessie Lucas and Kenneth Allfree. The paper joins with Henry Blanchard in wishing the young people every possible happiness in their new adventure.



Where's the Earning Power?

The poorest paid of all work is muscle-work.

Higher in the scale is muscle-mind work and at the top stands mind work.

You are just about to decide whether you will make your living with your hands or with your head, or with a combination of the two.

We invite you to give the most careful attention to the field of business and its opportunities and to prepare for the kind of service this field requires because you will then be numbered among the mind workers and will be compensated accordingly.

Our school is in session all summer and you are invited to join us any Monday after you have been graduated from West High.

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

The Emblem of the Efficient School

Fully Accredited by the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools.

The Emblem of the Efficient School

A Winter Courtship

With utter audacity
I used perspicacity
And saw sliding down hill
A fur-coated rhapsody.

The sweet little lassity
Held my eyes to capacity,
And when she fell down
It roused my velocity.

With perfect veracity
I smoothed up the tragedy
And now have a date
With the fur-coated rhapsody.

—Ex.

There was a young man from Racine
Who hadn't a thing in his bean,
He neglected his books
To take care of his looks,
So he got a pink slip from the dean.

—Ex.

Personal Jewelry

Never before has Fashion required so many pretty bits of personal jewelry.

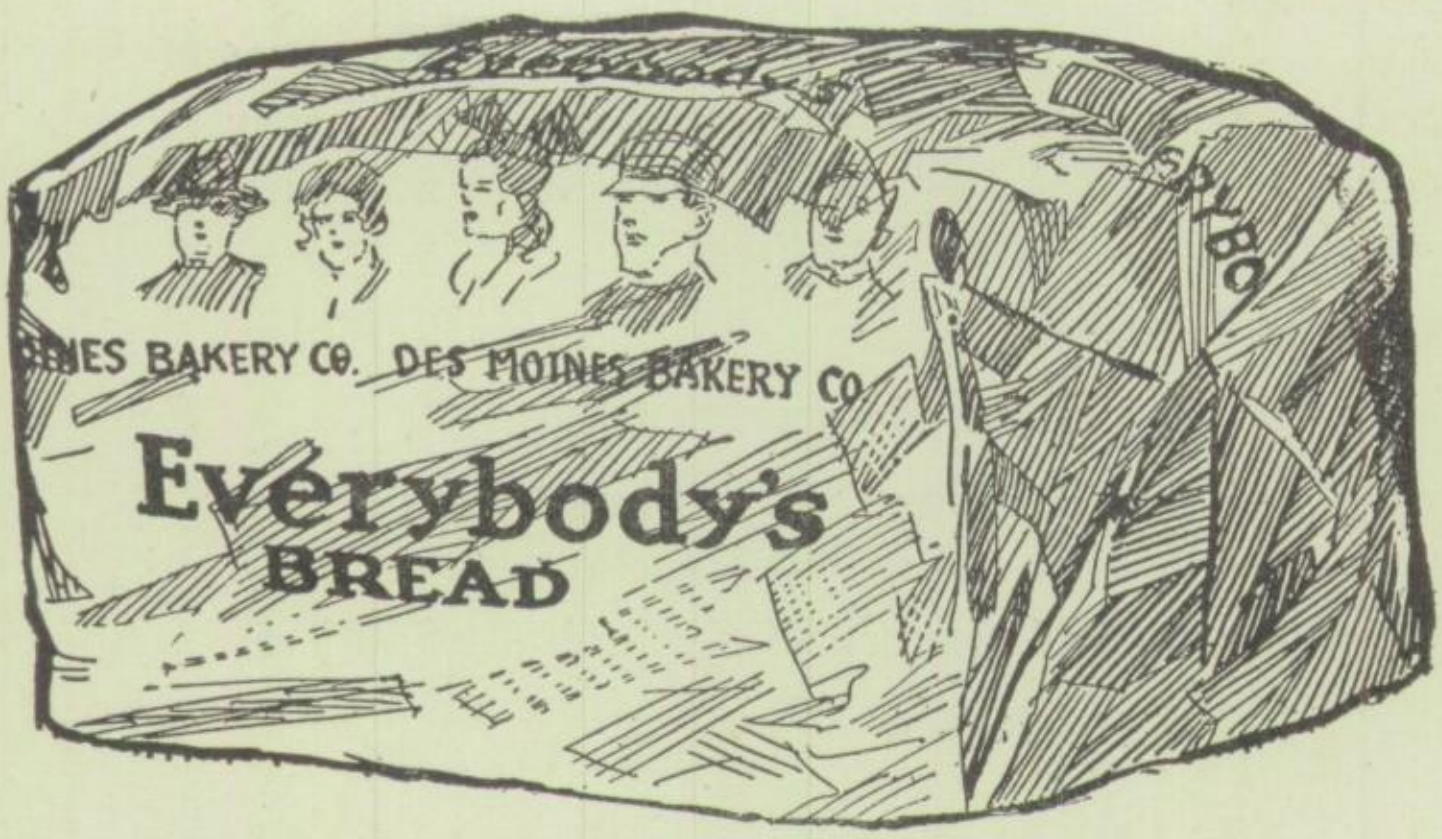
At Schlampps you'll find newest effects in Eardrops, Beads, Bracelets, etc.

You are most welcome to visit

Schlampps

706 Walnut

Fashionable Jewelry



Everybody's BREAD

for Everybody

DES MOINES UNIVERSITY

Considers its supreme service to be the enlistment and equipment of young men and young women for the largest possible service in life.

In the last analysis the real value of an educational institution is revealed by the product turned out.

The alumni of Des Moines University will bear your closest inspection.

"Modern civilization demands not more men but more man."

COURSES

Liberal Arts, Education, Engineering, Pharmacy, Home Economics, Fine Arts, (Music, Public Speaking, Dramatic Art, Painting and Drawing).

The University Institute is a standard Preparatory School and also offers courses in Vocational Trades and Business Training.

Expenses Moderate **Location Ideal**

Home Environment

Strong Athletic Program **Sane Social Policy**

West High Graduates cordially invited to investigate carefully.

DES MOINES UNIVERSITY

Highland Park

TIRES

ACCESSORIES

Iowa Vulcanizing Co.

1008 Locust Street

Walnut 1044

RIMS

WHEELS

Snatches from a Freshman's Diary

Feb. 14. Gee whiz! Of all the stuck-up people of this H. S. I know the Seniors are the worst. They even make you stand at attention as they go past.

I sure had some time finding the rooms I was supposed to go to for my classes. Well, I don't have to worry about assemblies, for I have purchased my season ticket. The only thing I can't find around this H. S., although I have looked everywhere, is the elevator.

Feb. 15. Say, these teachers sure issue pink slips freely. I got one for discipline in every class. I think I have found the elevator. It is a silo on the south side of the old building. Had a fire drill today and I forgot what room I was in at the time and went to the wrong one after the excitement.

Feb. 16. Late this morning. Another ninth hour appointment. Was tripped on the stairs by some Junior and fell down three flights before I could stop. Had to give a talk in English and when I started I didn't. I had forgotten everything I had learned. Talked back to one of my teachers and I thought she would take my head off.

Feb. 18. Flunked two tests.

April 3. Got my cards. One three, two fours and one five. Hated to go home.

The Massachusetts Mutual Life

will carry you from

HIGH SCHOOL—to—AGE 65???

YOU WILL REQUIRE

Protection—Investment—Disability Income
Financial Assistance—and
at Age 65 an Income or a Cash Estate

ASK

YOST & CHRISTY, Gen'l Agts.

Suite 320 Hippee Building

LARGE VALUES FOR YOUR DEPOSITS

IOWA RADIO CORPORATION
DES MOINES

Standard RADIO Equipment

916 Locust St.

An Old West High Student

Shops Floral Co.
R. C. KEHM
OWNER

808 Walnut

Phone Walnut 3142

Give Him a Chance

Pasteurization Essential

Dr. Charles E. North, former health commissioner of New York says: "The destruction of human life through milk which is not properly safeguarded is far greater than the destruction of life by railroads. Experience has shown that safety can be secured most certainly and economically by the process of pasteurization."

Flynn milk is perfectly pasteurized—always SAFE—rich in food value including important vitamines.

Flynn Dairy Co.

Phone Market 1046
7th and University Ave.

Valley National Bank

Walnut and Fourth Sts.

We are prepared to serve in every department of banking.

Join our Statement Savings System making a fixed deposit each month. You'll be surprised at the result.

Combined Capital & Surplus
$1,000,000.00

Employment Bureau

Situation Wanted—As an agent for a complexion beautifier. Salary no object.—Margery Everett.

Situation Wanted—A pretty boy wants a position attracting lady shoppers to bargain sales.—Bud Johnston.

Situation Wanted—As editor of a Doris Blake column on a country paper.—Russ Ford.

Situation Wanted—Most any old thing.—Heinie Weitz.

Situation Wanted—Would like to be superintendent of schools in a large city.—Harold Teachout.

Situation Wanted—As beautiful cloak model.—Helen Crouch.

Situation Wanted—Something easy. Secretaryship of Y. M. C. A. preferred.—Addison Wilson.

Cascade Laundry Co.

Odorless Dry Cleaning

Phone Wal. 1245 **13th and Grand Ave.**

For all the people all the time!

ORANSKY'S

"Des Moines' Economy Center"

IOWA HEADQUARTERS

For

Victrolas—Victor Records—Cheneys

Any Machine Gladly Sent on Free Approval.
Any Record Sent on 36-Hour Free Approval.

312 EIGHTH ST. *Chase & West* WALNUT 2361

National Life Association

Safe Life Insurance at Reasonable Rates

Home Office: Des Moines, Iowa

De Arcy's
BOOT SHOP
708 Walnut Street
Shoes and Hosiery

Smartly dressed is the foot that wears De Arcy Footwear and Hosiery

For Sportswear
For the Dance
For Afternoon
$7 to $10

J. J. Bittle J. W. Russell

The Master Craftsmen Guild
Designers and Manufacturers of Platinum and Gold Jewelry
Des Moines

Appreciated Graduation Gifts

Diamonds
Watches
Jewelry
Parker Pens
Eversharp Pencils

State Headquarters for Fraternity Goods.

208-9 Shops Bldg.

"Maybe"

Being an Interview

"Do you think students should be allowed to bring automobiles to school?"

Mr. Harris: "Yes, I think that it is all right if they are fortunate enough to have one to bring."

Mr. Weeks: "I wouldn't encourage it. It seems quite unnecessary."

Miss Brooks: "I think it is wrong to let girls bring their cars to school, but it is permissible for a boy."

Harold Teachout: "Positively, they should. Why should a perfectly good Dodge be left at home when it can be used to haul two persons to school?"

Hortense Bernard: "I think any one should be allowed to bring her car to school. It would be impossible to stop us if we wanted to bring them, so why try to stop us?"

Reporter Charles Everett.

FURNAS ICE CREAM

IT'S 100% PURE

THE FLOOD-TIDE OF OPPORTUNITY

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."—Shakespeare.

A savings account with this Bank presents the flood-tide of opportunity which may lead you on to fortune.

CENTRAL STATE BANK
OF DES MOINES

For men who want to keep abreast of the times

SAM BURNS & CO.

FOR

Snappy Haberdashery
Hats and Caps

504 Grand Avenue **900 Keosauqua**

There's Nothing in It

"Oh! You walk like nothin'
And you talk like nothin',
Nothin' seems to be your aim;
And you look like nothin'
And you act like nothin',
Nothin' and you are the same;
Oh! You can't learn nothin'
'Cause you don't know nothin',
I forgot more than you ever knew,
And the only way I can figger you out
Is nothin' from nothin' leaves you."

Electric Appliances

Are Practical Presents that are Always Acceptable

For Sale By

Electric Washer Sales Co.
715 Grand Avenue
Phone Market 120

Courtesy to Passengers

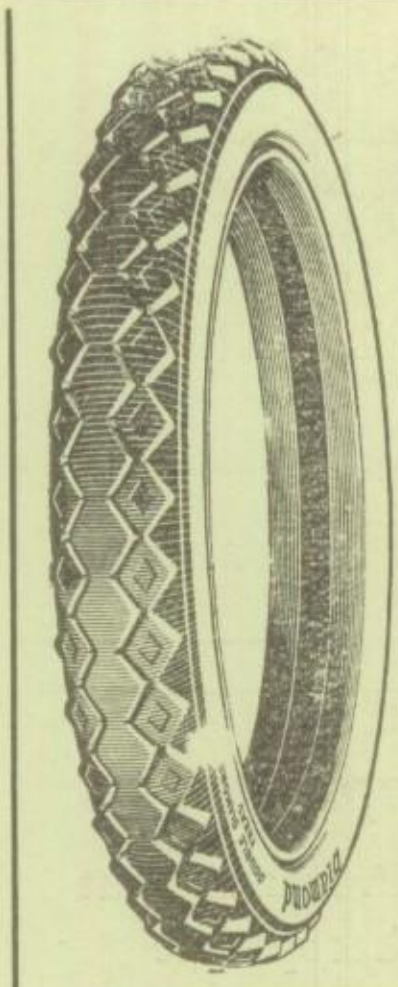
Employes of the City Railway are urged to treat every passenger as a guest—to give the best service possible at all times.

They are responding to the spirit of friendliness expressed on all sides. Words of commendation reach the office almost every day.

Improvements are being carried forward as rapidly as conditions permit. Suggestions are always welcomed.

F. C. Chambers, President and General Manager

DES MOINES CITY RAILWAY CO.



DIAMOND TIRES

Guaranteed First Quality

30x3 1/2 **$10.90**

Tax Included

CORNING RUBBER CO.

15th and Locust Walnut 4652

Don't Waste the Summer

Have a Business of Your Own

Prepare For a Successful Future

Is this going to be a summer of idleness? Or are you going to make it pay and prepare yourself for the business life that is before you? Are you going to take your chances at any job? Or will you make the most of your vacation and get a special training in a field of almost unlimited opportunities? This summer you can lay a foundation for a big money-making **success.** It will pay you big returns and at the same time give you a pleasant summer in the most delightful city in the country. Here's a suggestion. Talk it over with your parents.

Learn Autos—Trucks—Tractors—
At Auto Center—Factory Endorsed School

If you are mechanically inclined you can make a great success in the repairing and service end of the automobile, truck and tractor business. More than ten and a half million automobiles, trucks and tractors are in use. Every one needs expert service. There is an appalling lack of garages and service stations. Thousands of automobile electricians are needed, tire repair men, battery service men, welders, men for every branch of the business needed everywhere. The pay is big—the demand for trained men certain.

Special Summer Course for High School Boys Starts June 28th So great is the demand that we are giving a special summer course at the Michigan State Automobile School in Detroit, to give High School boys a special opportunity to learn this business—to help them to the same success that thousands of graduates are now enjoying. You can complete any course during the summer months. Let us send you details of this factory-endorsed training—the most highly specialized training you can get in the automobile business. Let us show you what you can do in Detroit to make this summer the most profitable one in your life.

Mail the Coupon Today

You must write at once to take advantage of this opportunity. Plan to come to Detroit as soon as your School is out this summer. The Summer Course of the Michigan State Automobile School is complete. You get the same identical training given regularly with so much success. Nothing is omitted. You have every advantage. You can stay as long as you like at no additional cost for tuition. Get all the facts in our big catalog sent free. Send us your name and address. Use the coupon below or postcard today.

Special Radio Course

FREE For limited time to students enrolling in our Complete Automobile Course. A new wonderful business opportunity for ambitious young men.

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A. G. ZELLER, President
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FREE Catalog Coupon

Michigan State Automobile School
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Send your big illustrated catalog FREE and information regarding special Summer Course for High School boys.

Name.....

Address.....

For Homes of Beauty and Permanence, Choose

GOODWIN TEX-TILE

Broken mortar joints prevent moisture seepage—walls always dry—cool in summer, warm in winter—no painting, no upkeep.

Call or write for estimates

Goodwin Tile and Brick Co.

410 Shops Building

Learn to Save!

Learn to be Thrifty!

Everyone of us must help to keep alive the spirit of thrift. Temptations to spend abound on all sides. There are relatively few invitations to save.

Let us all encourage thrift by precept and example—the example being a regular visit to the savings window, pass book and deposit in hand.

BANKERS TRUST CO.
BANK
Capital $1,000,000.00
Cor. 6th and Locust Sts., Des Moines
Member Federal Reserve Bank

Double Your Savings; It CAN Be Done

A Typical West High Morning

7:00 a. m.—Night watchman leaves Center street entrance as Ralph Harley and John Dustin come in the Fifteenth street door.

7:25—Duard Sexton with half the city library, Well's Outline of History, French-English Dictionary, and a Short Course in Home Nursing, strolls in.

7:30—Allan Brooks and bevy of girls enter.

7:31—Custodian turns on the hall lights so that Kenny Anderson can find his locker.

7:40—John Irwin and first load from Urbandale rush in.

7:45—Mrs. Brooks beats Mr. Weeks to the office by a furlong.

8:00—All hall loafers take their respective stations.

8:00 1-3—Heinie Weitz sneezes on the second floor.

8:01 to 8:15—Chuck Coons starts to hunt his girl and a 1000 people come to school.

8:20—Harold Morgan starts for first hour class.

(Continued on page 144.)

Continue Your Education

IN

Drake University

Colleges and Schools

Liberal Arts

Bible

Education

Law

Commerce

Institute of Fine Arts, including
School of Dramatic Art and
Conservatory of Music

Elementary School

Credits earned here are accepted in all other institutions in America, these colleges being listed as of the highest rank by all standardizing agencies. For example: The Association of College Alumnae, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the General Education Board, the United States Bureau of Education, the Association of American Universities, the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and the Iowa State Board of Educational Examiners.

THE UNITED STATE BANK

Capital and Surplus $250,000.00

The Bank with the Chime Clock

4% ON SAVINGS

Corner Seventh and Grand Avenue

Spirits

The other day
I walked
down
the hall
and a
young
Freshie
smiled
at me.
The school
spirit at
West High
is
wonderful.
So is
the
spirit
of the
people
going
into the
cafeteria.

(Continued on next page.)

West High School

Pins and Rings

Sterling Silver Pins	$1.00
Sterling Silver Rings	$2.00
Solid Gold Pins	$1.75
Solid Gold Rings	$3.50 and up
Gold Filled Pins	$1.25

Save $5.00 on Every $25.00 Purchase.

Gifts That Last.

A Full Line of Genuine Ever-Sharp Pencils. Never Accept a Substitute

Steve C. Wilcox & Son

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
617 Walnut St. Second Floor
Opposite Harris-Emery Co.

HOPKINS BROS.

SUNSHINE, FRESH AIR
AND RELAXATION
FROM BUSINESS
THAT'S WHAT THE DOC-
TOR ORDERS

Learn to play one of the most fascinating of out-door sports—GOLF

All you need is four Clubs, 2 Balls and a Golf Bag. Here is the outfit to begin with:

Brassie	$2.75
Mid Iron	2.50
Putter	2.50
Mashie	2.50
2 Golf Balls, 50c each	1.00
Golf Bag	1.50
Total	$12.75

Hopkins Bros. Co.

618 Locust Street
Des Moines, Iowa

SPORTING GOODS

Spirits

(Continued from page 127.)

I can scarcely
go down
to the
cafeteria
without
someone
pushing
me, which
proves
that I
must have
more
gumption
as I travel
along
Life's way.
I thank you.

Darnum Daily Circus, Ltd.

We are proud to present such a collection to West High and hope that they will appreciate the expense, time, labor trouble and lives that the bringing over of these animals has cost us. A company is being organized to combine some of our local talent with the animals and thus compose the greatest circus ever viewed by anyone living or dead. No one can resist this incomparable circus.

The following is just a suggestion of the many delightful and entertaining wonders:

Lyon—man-eating, hard boiled and cross eyed (when he looks down his nose).—Howard.

Simon says thumbs up. The originator of this wonderful, universally played game has consented to join our most illustrious company. —Neiman.

Herring that lives out of water. A rare and almost extinct animal. Worth the price of admission alone.—Verne.

Sword swallower!—the real thing.—Chuck Everett.

Fat woman—weighs 999 pounds.—Peggy White.

Dwarfs—very numerous. Combined height, 2 feet.—Chuck Cownie, Al Scott.

Giants—height, 10 feet, 11 inches.—Dorothy Deyoe, Gaile Guile, Dick Thompson, Wallace Barlow, Roscoe Brown.

Hypnotist—can hypnotize teachers into reserving their pink tea invitations. Consult him.—Raymond Dalbey.

A Pure Pennsylvania Product

Hermoline
A BETTER LUBRICANT
FOR YOUR
MACHINE

THE BEST QUALITY
IN ANY QUANTITY

Herring Motor Company

Distributors

DES MOINES, IOWA

Des Moines Ice & Fuel Co.

Pure Manufactured Ice
Spring Hill Iowa Coal

Illinois and Kentucky Soft Coal

Hard Coal and Coke

OUR MOTTO:
"Quality and Service"

Market 2700

Get Ready—Get Set—Go!

A dozen times or more you have jumped to your feet, thrilled at the word "go!" How quickly the results of long training show up in the runners. And the best trained usually win.

You are getting ready in school. Soon you will be off in the race of life. A good bank account will give you a quick start.

One dollar opens a savings account. Begin today—this friendly bank will help you.

Iowa's Largest Bank
IOWA NATIONAL BANK
DES MOINES SAVINGS
BANK AND TRUST CO.
ENTIRE SECOND FLOOR FLEMING BUILDING
Sixth and Walnut

Choice Bakery Goods

MADDEAUX
DES MOINES, IOWA
FRENCH BAKERY AND CAFE

Genuine French Pastry

Lunches, Meals

Special Sunday Dinners

Ph. D. 521 1909 Cottage Grove

"Everything to Help Your Game"

Van Ginkel & Pottle Sporting Goods Co.

707 Grand

A new lot of golf clubs that are winners:

Wilsonian ....$3.00 and $3.50
Plus Success.. 4.50 and 5.50
Superstroke .. 6.50 and 8.00

Most careful consideration to high school students.

"Everything to Help Your Game"

Wise Wall-eyed
Willy Wilkinson
Wore White
Waist-coat When
White-Washing Wooden
Wagon. Winnie
Windbreaker Walked
Where Willy
Was Working.
When Winsome
Winnie Warbled,
Wistful Willy
Winked Without
Weakness. Wrathful
Winnie Whacked
Willy With
Wrought-iron Wrench
Whereupon Wrecked
Willy Winced
Whereat Well-bred
Winnie Whirled
Weighty Wrench
Without Walloping
Willy Witless.
When Wicked
Winnie Went
Willy's White
Waist-coat Was
Wrecked. Wherefore
Woe-begone Willy
Weakly Whined.
Wednesday Wary
Willy Went
Westwardly Where
Warbling Winnie
Will Waive
Walloping Wavering
Wearisome Willy.

WE thank the students of West High for their past patronage and hope to see them again next season.

Special Rates for Graduation Pictures

BRAMSON STUDIO

417 WALNUT STREET

A Cordial Reception Awaits You

ALL pictures in this Annual were taken by the

BRAMSON STUDIO

We Thank You

The Store of Service

FOUNDED more than sixty-five years ago on the theory that Service, combined with other important elements which go to make any successful business, this Store has governed its service features with much tensity.

Every effort is made to make this a home-like store in which you will enjoy to shop. Any service feature that is not now in vogue, may be due to some oversight, which we would be glad to hear about.

Service is one of the most important parts of this business. It is for you. Avail yourself at every opportunity of any service this Store can be to you.

Younker Brothers

A blend of special coffees roasted daily in Des Moines

Tone Bros.

Roasters
of Fine Coffees
since 1873

Northern Trust & Savings Bank

15th and Grand

Ask us about our Educational Savings Plan

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School Open All Summer for Class and Private Lessons

Fine Arts Bldg. 1024 Grand Walnut 2517

Don't Spend It All

Invest your money in life insurance now.

It is one of the best savings accounts you could possibly start.

It will teach you a good lesson in the cultivation of thrifty habits.

Your savings is the barometer of success.

St. JOHN & CARTER

General Agents

EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF IOWA

620 Bankers Trust Building

SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT

The most satisfactory of all recreation

DES MOINES THEATRE

STRAND GARDEN RIALTO PALACE

Merely the Movies

But what would life be without them?

RIDE A BICYCLE

Be on Time—Eat Warm Meals—Keep Healthy

H. W. KING

Forget the Work—Enjoy the Greatest Sport in the World

RIDE A MOTORCYCLE

Riding Suits, Leggins, Helmets, Jersey Sweaters, Gloves

ELLIS & HOLLAND CO.

INSURANCE

We write all branches. Largest general agency in Iowa.

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415 Securities Bldg. **DES MOINES, IOWA**

Guy Woods Studio

1443 Grand Avenue

Portraits

Commercial and Motion Pictures

GRADUATION PHOTOS
AT SPECIAL PRICES

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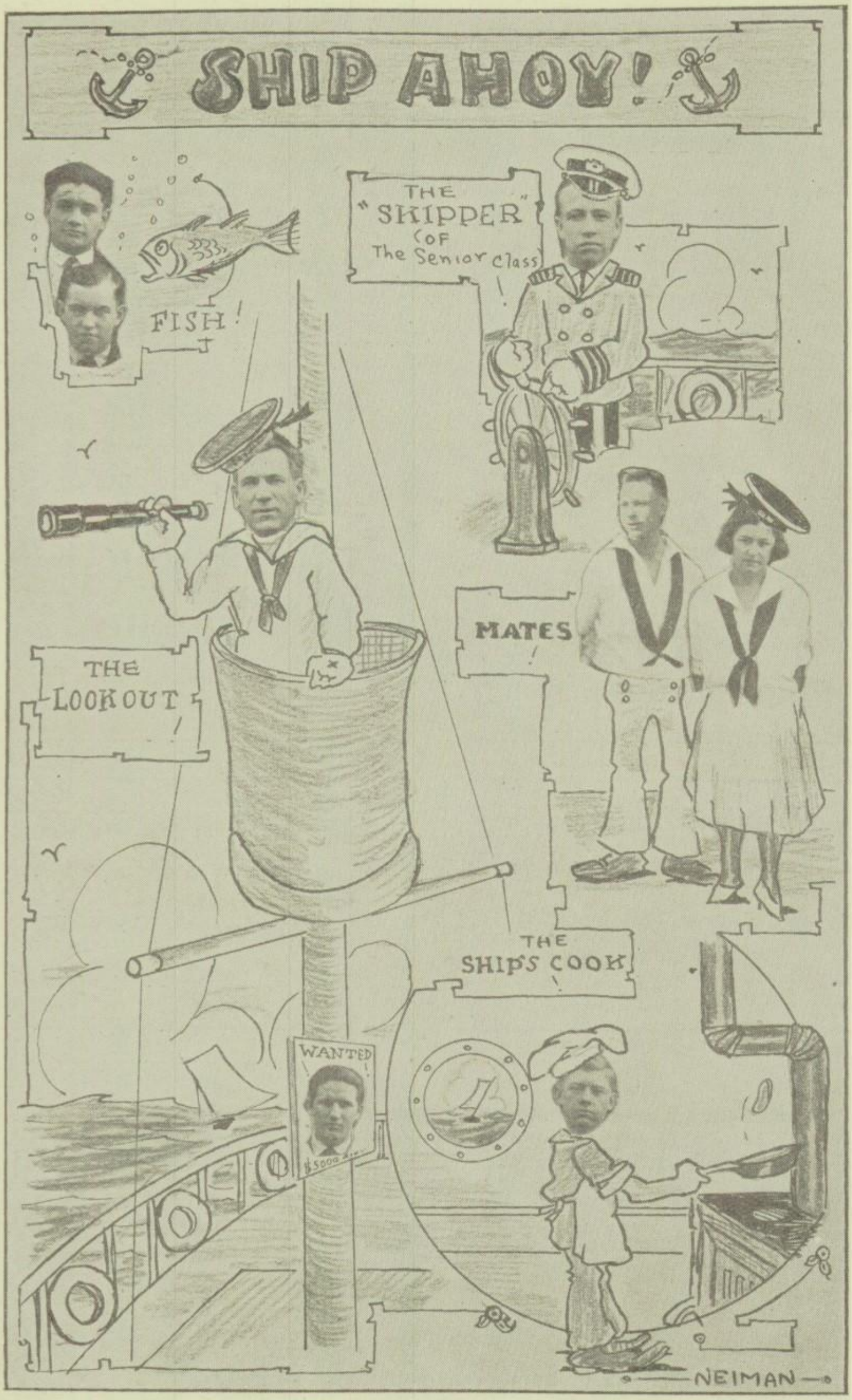

SHIP AHOY!
FISH!
THE "SKIPPER" (OF The Senior Class)
THE LOOKOUT
MATES
THE SHIPS COOK
WANTED
$5000 Reward
NEIMAN

Exide
BATTERIES
SERVICE STATION

For Uniform Filament Current

The specially designed Exide Radio Battery gives uniform filament current for all types of vacuum tubes. You can depend on the Exide producing satisfactory results through a long life of faithful service.

For sale by

Exide
Battery Service Station

HARDWOODS FANCY WOODS

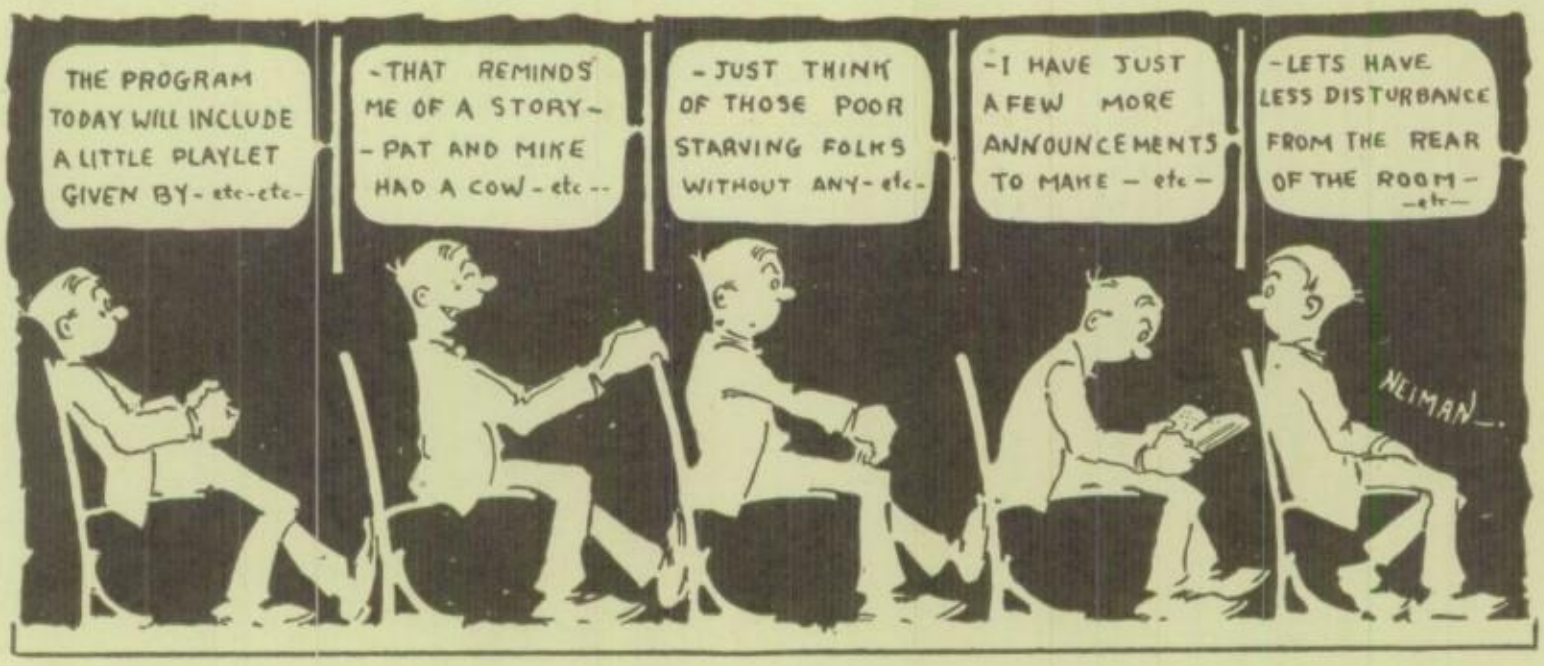
Our Stock is Complete and Worth Looking At. It is Our Pleasure to Show It to Anyone that is Interested at Any Time

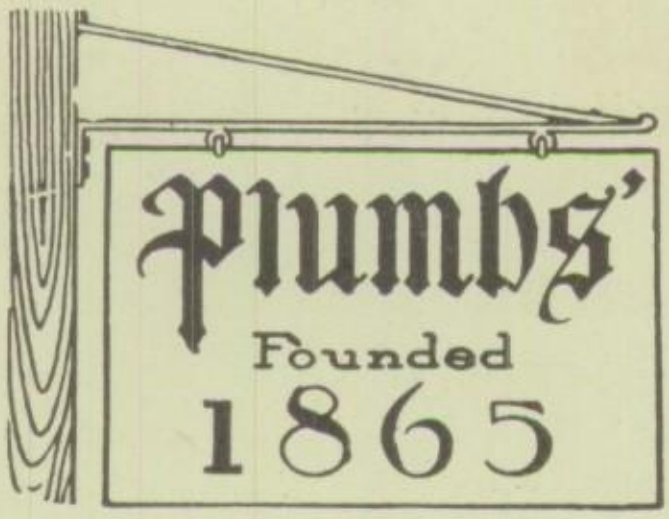
Gilcrest Lumber Company

West 4th and Vine

CHARLES W. BUSHMAN
Teacher of Clarinet, Saxophone and Band Instruments
952 West Seventh Street
Phone Walnut 8265
DES MOINES, IOWA

DR. RALPH H. PARKER
OCULIST AND AURIST
1101 Fleming Building
Corner Sixth and Walnut


THE PROGRAM TODAY WILL INCLUDE A LITTLE PLAYLET GIVEN BY- etc-etc-
-THAT REMINDS ME OF A STORY- - PAT AND MIKE HAD A COW - etc --
- JUST THINK OF THOSE POOR STARVING FOLKS WITHOUT ANY- etc-
-I HAVE JUST A FEW MORE ANNOUNCEMENTS TO MAKE - etc -
-LETS HAVE LESS DISTURBANCE FROM THE REAR OF THE ROOM - -etc-
NEIMAN



Graduation Watches

Remember that Plumbs' carry the largest stock of high grade watches shown in Iowa, including all of the best known domestic and imported makes. You will be proud of your watch if it comes from Plumbs' for it will have back of it the reputation and guarantee of the oldest and leading jewelry store in Iowa.

The Plumb Jewelry Store

Sixth and Walnut Sts.

For
Diamonds

—gems of beautiful blue white color, faultlessly cut.

Watches

—timekeepers that can be relied upon completely.

Jewelry

—the newer styles in ear drops, neck beads, etc.

S. Joseph & Sons
400-402 Walnut
Quality Jewelry Since 1871

$5000

Are You Worth It?

If so, ask your parents to have it guaranteed with a Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance policy. Call us up about it.

WILL D. BOWLES, Manager

Frank A. McDevitt, Sheldon P. Medbury } Special Agents

314 Valley National Building

Walnut 751-2

Harris-Emery's
THE STANDARD STORE OF IOWA

For Your
Vacation Wardrobe

Here is an assemblage of the most recently developed modes from the hiking suit to smart sports frocks or country club dresses.

And, you'll be agreeably surprised at the moderate prices.

Pirate Storage Battery Co.

Radio and Automobile Storage Batteries

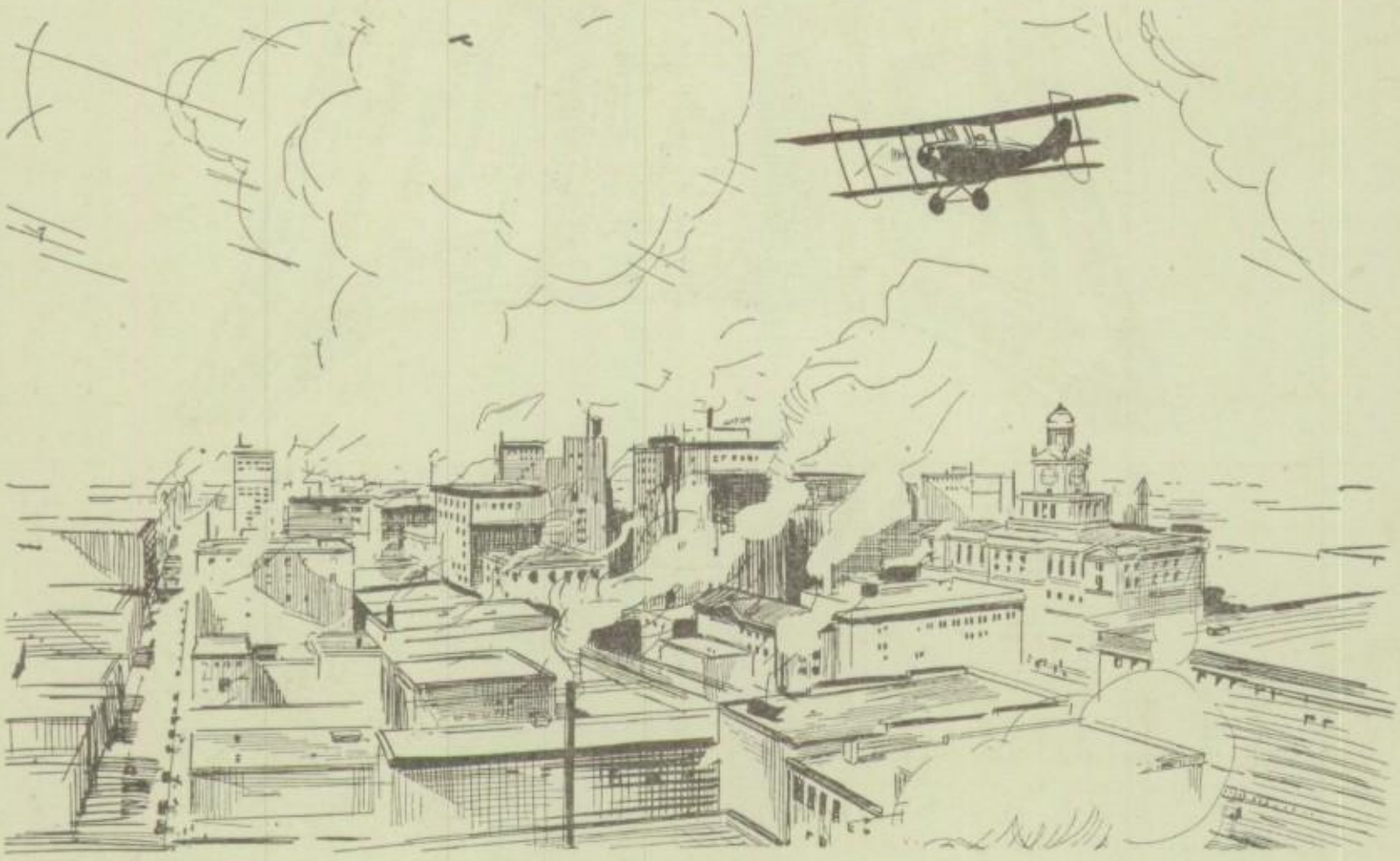
812 Grand Ave. Phone Walnut 494

PROUDFOOT, BIRD & RAWSON

Architects for

Theodore Roosevelt High School

Abraham Lincoln High School



The Iowa Loan and Trust Company—Bank—having kept pace with the growth and development of Des Moines for the past fifty years is today a modernly equipped Trust Company, offering its patrons every service in connection with their financial affairs.

Students of West High are invited to make this their Banking Home.

IOWA LOAN & TRUST COMPANY

—BANK—

HIPPEE BUILDING DES MOINES

THE LITTLE CRAFT SHOP

Gifts, Favors and Novelties for all Occasions

—of the most exclusive, yet inexpensive, assembled from the four corners of the earth, selected, with the greatest care as to individuality and charm.

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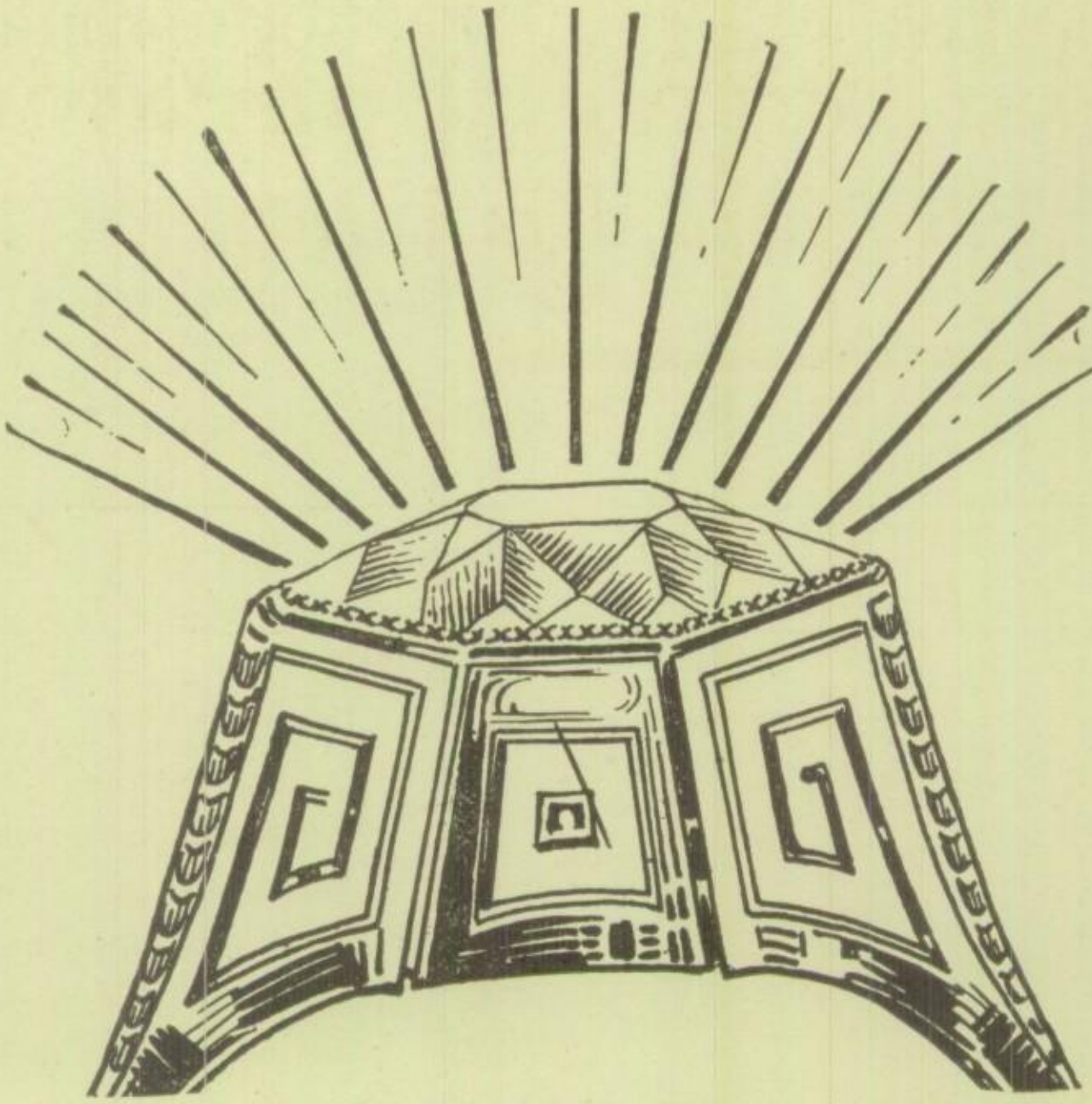

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Graduation Day—the first big epochal day in the lives of young folks. Let the remembrance gift be one that will last for years to come; let it be one good enough to serve as a reward for the four years of conscientious work and energy that the high school days have meant. This popular store has an especially large stock of gifts most suitable, most appropriate for the graduates. And it may be of especial interest to know that any gift chosen from our store may be bought on the time payment basis.

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there are bracelets, wrist watches, toilet sets, manicure sets, rings, cameos, necklaces, brooches, earrings, etc.

For Boys

the finest gift you can buy in a good watch. Our stocks include the highest grade makes such as Waltham, Elgin, Howard, Hampden, all the high-grade makes at special prices. Beautifully engraved hunting cases, sturdy open faces. We will engrave the name of the giver and receiver and date, etc., on the inside cover or on the back, without extra charge. Guaranteed 20-year-old gold-filled cases.

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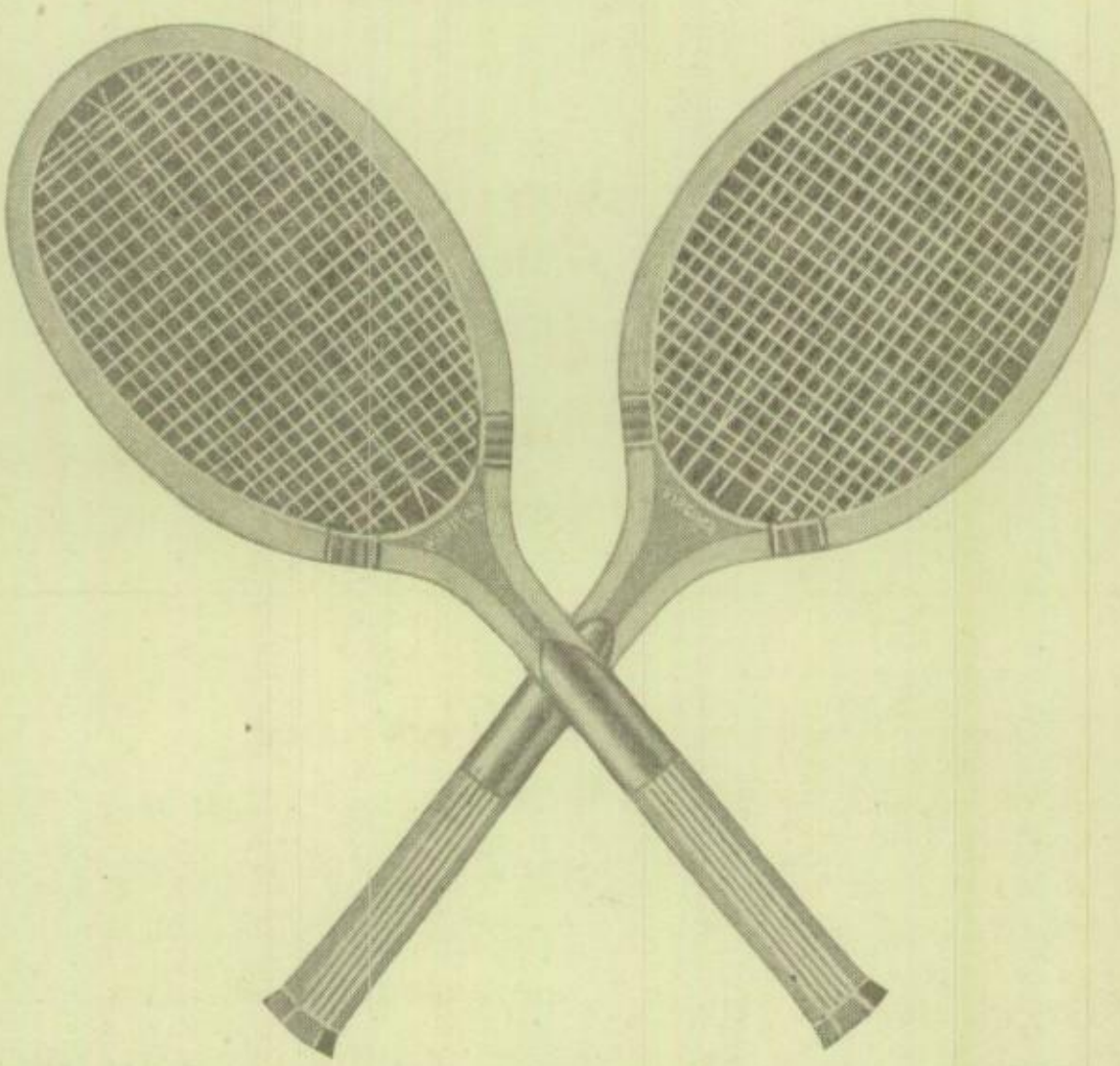

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A Typical West High Morning

8:23—Earthquake shock is felt. Lucius Fitch sees Ted Cutler approaching.

8:25—Walter Swain enters 52 and John Blanchard Jr. enters 95.

8:27—Harold Teachout arrives in Dodge, slows down at corner so he can put on brake, causing beautiful red light to shine.

8:28-33—Junior Schee rushing in Mr. Weeks' office thinking he is tardy, finds out mistake, starts for class but last bell rings before he gets there.

8:34—Dick Thompson falls into class room.

8:35—Hewitts begin to arrive.

8:40—Hewitts finish arriving.

8:50—Ruth Harwood pauses in Mrs. Brooks' office to see if she is late.

9:03—John Tschantz goes down to see school nurse.

9:10—Miriam Kirbye makes her semi-weekly visit to school.

9:15—First period over—Si Biggs first person out of a class room.

J. E. Wilkinson

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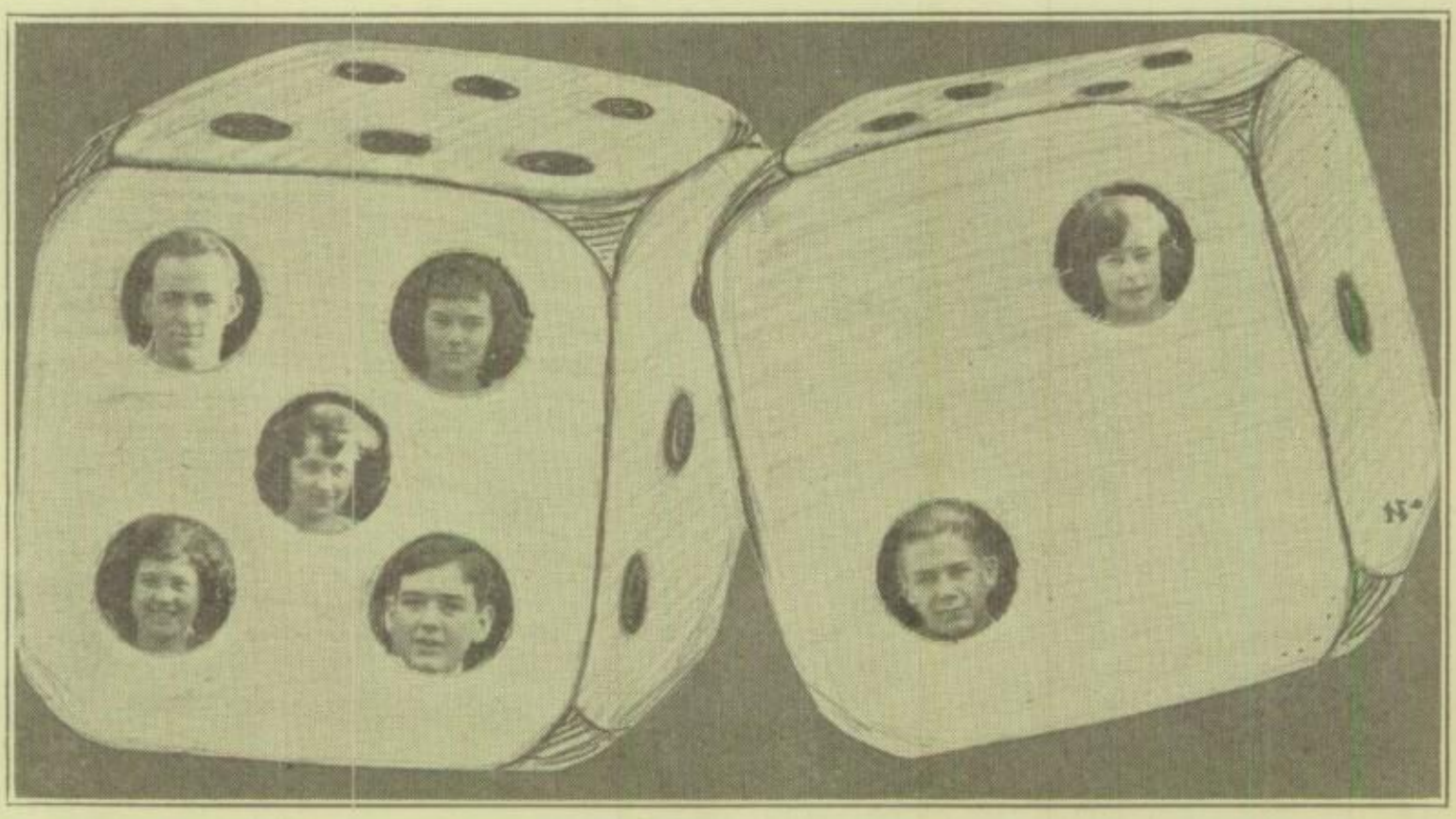

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
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IOWA

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Whatever the advice of the wise old gray heads to the younger generation may be, it always has the final bit of wisdom, "save while you are young."

Start a SAVINGS Account

Just a small amount of your allowance each week or month will start the young man or woman well on that road to independence which he or she always prize so highly.

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